HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1888.

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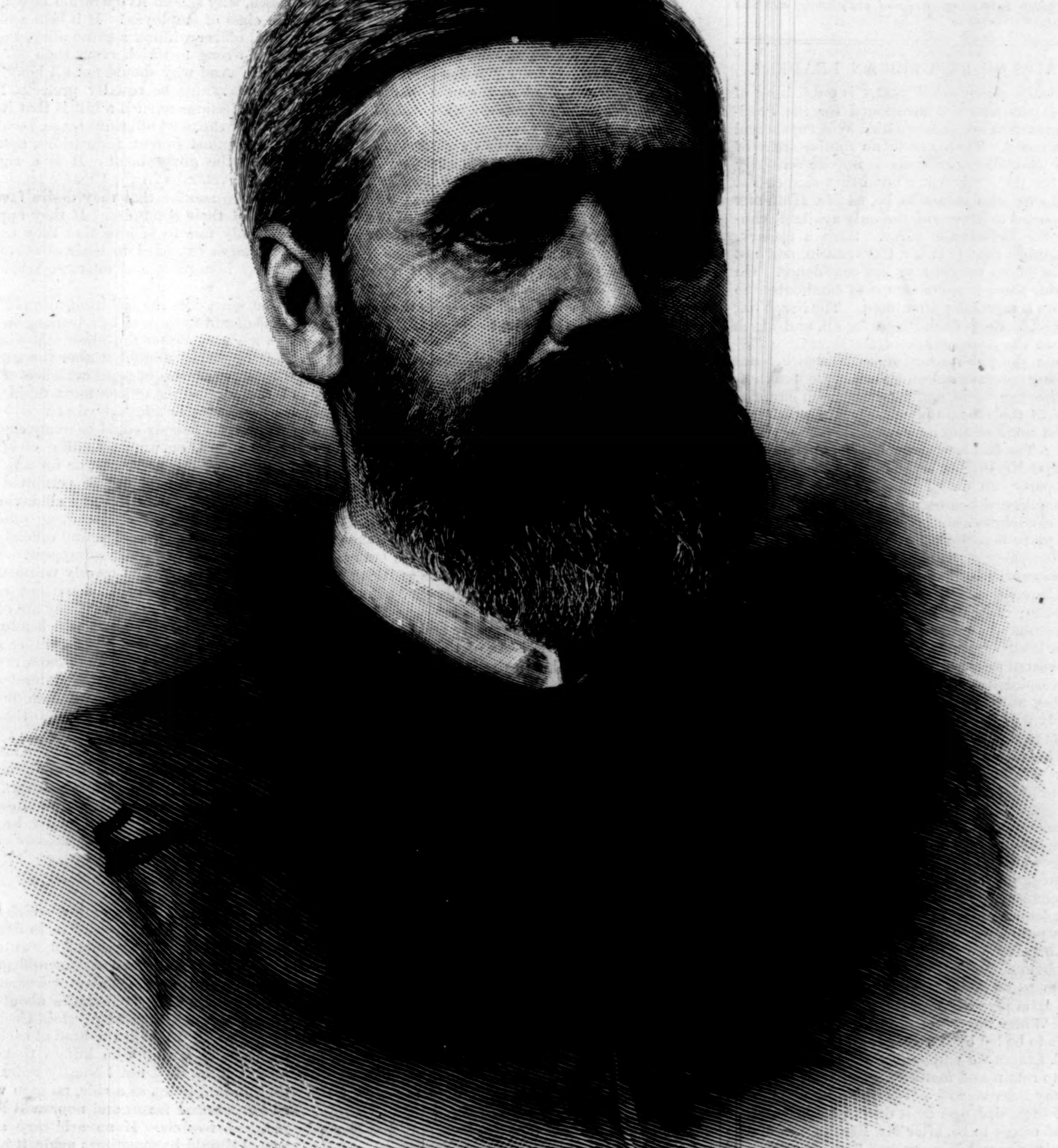
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



JUDGE WALTER QUINTIN GRESHAM.—[See Page 226.]

"A perfect paper for young people."—*Boston Transcript.*
"Brimful of exhilaration and amusement."—*The Churchman.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for March 27th is an Easter Number. It opens with an illustration by JESSIE SHEPHERD, *accompanying a poem entitled*

EASTER FLOWERS,

by MARY B. WATERMAN.

The REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D., *contributes an interesting article on the All-Souls' Summer Home for Children;* MARGARET E. SANGSTER *writes on "The Pearl of Days" (the Sabbath).*

PROFESSIONAL PRIDE,

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.,

is the title of the principal illustration.

Other notable contents are, "Diamond cut Diamond, an April-fool Story," by XENOS CLARK; *"Minerals and Fossils," in the Young Collector Series; and the seventh instalment of "The Household of Glen Holly," by* LUCY C. LILLIE.

A SUPPLEMENT *contains an excellent article on "Manual Education," by* CHARLES H. HAM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PORTRAITS OF REPUBLICAN LEADERS.

THE portraits which the WEEKLY is publishing of Republicans who are mentioned for the Presidential nomination are accompanied by accurate and friendly memoirs. There can be no similar series of Democratic candidates, for there is no one seriously suggested for the nomination upon that side except Mr. CLEVELAND, who seems to be, as Mr. HAMPDEN ROBB is reported to have said, the only available candidate for the Democratic party. Such a remark, however, implies that it is Mr. CLEVELAND, and not his party, in whom the country has confidence. On the other side there is a concourse of candidates, no one of whom is especially prominent. The New York *Tribune*, which affects friendliness for all, and which is aiming at the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, immediately upon the publication of his Florence letter printed a long communication showing the weakness of every other candidate, and follows it with editorial statements to the effect that Republican sentiment agrees upon none of the many excellent gentlemen mentioned. The fact is evident, and the obvious conclusion is that Mr. BLAINE is the only candidate upon whom the party can unite. The *Tribune* says that no name mentioned has been received with enthusiasm. The candidates are "favorite sons," while there is but one party favorite. For the first time in the history of the party, if Mr. BLAINE's name should be withheld, there will be no dominating name presented to the Convention. In 1856 FREMONT was plainly the favorite; in 1860 SEWARD was the chief name; in 1864, LINCOLN; in 1868 and 1872, GRANT; in 1876, BLAINE; in 1880, GRANT; and in 1884, BLAINE.

In this situation there is naturally great interest in all the candidates who are mentioned in the different States, and the information which our memoirs supply will be very useful. Thus the sketch of Senator ALLISON, the first of the series, gives a clearer view of his public life than could be readily found elsewhere. It shows him to be a trained public man, especially in fiscal and economical questions, but well informed upon all, a man of untiring industry, of cool temperament, and of great equanimity, free from entangling alliances with party factions, a sound, safe, and generally acceptable man to his party, but who has made no very marked or definite impression upon the country. Senator SHERMAN is perhaps the most conspicuous of the candidates, from his long and prominent public service and his frank desire of the nomination. He is a man of unquestionable ability, but too obviously a politician; that is to say, his views seem to be based less upon profound conviction than upon perception of the inclination of party opinion. While thus very prominent in the party, he appears to be led by it rather than to lead it. Mr. ROBERT T. LINCOLN's emphatic statement that while he hopes to retain and manifest an interest in public affairs, "my interest will never again be official," is entirely disregarded, and he is declared by the larger number of voices to be, after Mr. BLAINE, the choice of Pennsylvania and Minnesota. The suggestion of his name is due to the veneration for his father's memory, because, while an excellent Secretary of War and a most worthy gentleman, he cannot be said to have made a national name. General HAWLEY, the upright man, the brave soldier, the honest statesman, the foe of a corrupt lobby, would have more elements of enthusiasm in his candidacy than any of the gentlemen named.

The amiability and tact and cultivated intelligence of Mr. DEPEW have made him a party favorite in New York, where he is by far the most popular of Republican leaders. Mr. EVARTS, Mr. HISCOCK, Mr. PLATT, Mr. MORTON, Mr. CORNELL, Mr. MILLER, Mr. ROBERTSON, Mr. HUSTED, could not compete with Mr. DEPEW in this respect. Ex-Senator HARRISON is apparently the choice of Indiana, where ex-State Senator FOULKE, the president of the Civil Service Reform Association, and with Mr. SWIFT the leader of the independents, has just declared in a speech before a Lincoln League that if the steadfast patriotism of 1861 is to be restored, it must be done by the party of "LINCOLN and SUMNER, of GRANT and MORTON." This is important, because Indiana is a doubtful State, and its independent vote will be cast for the Republican candidate if he be not Mr. BLAINE. In Indiana also Judge GRESHAM has a strong following. But Senator HARRISON evidently has "the machine" on his side. He is not much known to the country, while Judge GRESHAM is denounced by such party organs as the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* as too acceptable to mugwumps. When this is the condition of a party on the 1st of April, and the nomination is to be made in June, the result cannot be forecast. To-day "the nomination is anybody's," and that is precisely the situation in which, unless some other candidate gains an early and decisive lead, Mr. BLAINE's name is likely to be thrown into the Convention, securing the nomination by a hurrah, and leaving him to decide, what he has not yet said, whether he will accept it.

ELECTIONEERING OFFICE-HOLDERS.

THE exposure of the scheme to convert postmasters into local political spies for the benefit of the party of administration promptly arrested public attention and compelled a change in the plan of operations. The scandal was immediately apparent, and the exposure has been of great service. The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and the Public Printer are, we believe, amiable and excellent gentlemen. But the time has come for amiable and excellent gentlemen in the public service to understand that their private excellence will not excuse prostitution of the public service to party purposes, nor shield them from rebuke. The pretexts and subterfuges under which such offences skulk are of no use. It is perfectly proper that a party committee should circulate party documents, and to that end ascertain the names of persons to whom they are to be sent. But it is a gross outrage that public officers should practically direct other public officers to do this work, and that is substantially what Mr. MAYNARD and Mr. BENEDICT did in giving their names as references to the committee. They can no more escape responsibility under the plea that they used no coercion than Senator HALE can escape responsibility for the assessment circulars of a dozen years ago under the plea that they invited voluntary contributions. The names of public officers are sought in such enterprises for the very purpose of coercion. Voluntary contributions in Senator HALE's case, and voluntary service in the case of Secretary MAYNARD, are impossible. In both cases obedience is compulsory, and if these gentlemen do not know it, they are in politics singularly innocent. But if they do know it—

It seems, however, that exposure and remonstrance have not prevented the issue of the circulars. The *Sun* prints the circular in the form in which its correspondent at Watertown says that it has been sent to the office-holders in northern New York. The circular is not now signed by Messrs. MAYNARD and BENEDICT, but they are mentioned as having referred the committee to the persons who receive the circular as good sources of information. If this statement be correct—and it is evidently not improbable—the proceeding is no less a scandalous abuse of the public service and a high offence upon the part of those officers toward their chief. It is putting the service into politics in a manner which flouts and defies the President's warning, and it discredits and ridicules his public declarations. More than that, it is a public wrong in its diversion, under what is a virtual threat, and what is understood as such, of public officers from their public duty. It is just what the resolutions of the Civil Service Reform Association declare it to be—the employment of public officers as the electioneering agents of a party. The participation of the Republican Commissioner of Pensions in the campaign of 1884 was justly denounced as an offence of the same kind, and the indirect way in which the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury engages in the business deceives nobody, and does not lessen the offence.

We have no doubt that the President first learned of this performance from the newspapers. As Mr. SEWARD used to say, a President is easily deceived and secluded from information. In the same way we do not doubt that the efforts to dislodge Postmaster PEARSON have been largely concealed from the President. But the statements now published in regard to this circular are too important to be disregarded. When a circular is printed which, if authentic, practically places the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in the position of requesting public officers to become electioneering agents for an administration the head of which declares that such officers should not be electioneering agents, it seems to us that the head of the administration is bound to ascertain the facts, and if they are as alleged, to show in the most public and unmistakable manner his disapproval. Silence and inaction can be interpreted by the subordinate officers of the administration in one way only. If an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury can engage in this kind of campaign work without censure and with implied approval, every postmaster and subordinate officer in the country is justified in believing not only that he may do likewise, but the more zealously the better. The difficulties of the administration in advancing the interests of this reform have been constantly known and acknowledged by its warmest friends. That everything cannot be done at once, and that Rome was not built in a day, they have not doubted. But they do not admit that, because everything cannot be done everywhere at once, flagrant individual abuses are to be tolerated, and that the distinct warnings of the Executive are to be contemptuously disregarded without notice or reproof.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

THE committee representing the Grand Army of the Republic of the city of New York have severely condemned the conduct of Mayor HEWITT in opposing the passage of a bill providing that war veterans should not be removed from civil office except for cause, after a hearing. But if such a bill is to be passed, why should its operation be confined to a certain class of employés? If it be a wrong to remove a civil officer without a cause alleged and a hearing, it is a wrong to which every such officer is now exposed. And why should not all honest and efficient public servants be equally protected? One of the fatal objections to such a bill is that it is class legislation in the most offensive sense, because it discriminates against honest, industrious, and efficient officers of the government. It is a signal insult to patriotic veterans in the Custom-house or Post-office service to assume that they desire favors at the expense of their comrades. If they approve the bill, it is only fair to believe that they desire to see its advantages extended to their associates engaged in equally honorable and effective service with themselves.

But what does the bill itself mean? Cause is to be alleged, and there is to be a hearing in defence. Before whom? Before the officer who alleges the cause! That, of course, is idle. Either there must be a trial, with all the forms of legal evidence, or the judgment of the appointing officer must decide. If the first course should be adopted, what would become of the service? If nobody could be removed for negligence, or indolence, or unpunctuality, or stupidity, or ill manners, or incompetency, or for any of the similar faults which should not be permitted in the public service, without witnesses and affidavits and the rules of legal evidence, the appointing officer would not attempt to purge his office, and official discipline and efficiency would largely disappear. It is true that wanton, arbitrary, and merely political removals are still made, to the great detriment of the service. They are flagrant abuses. They are of the very substance of the spoils system which reform would correct. But the question is not whether such removals, whether of veterans or of civilians, are outrages and wrongs which ought not to be tolerated, because that is not doubted by intelligent men, but whether the wise remedy lies in the provision that nobody shall be removed without a legal trial. That is the substance of the proposed relief. The head of an office sees that a clerk is lazy and blundering, and that he delays and perplexes the office work. The bill proposes that when he is satisfied of these facts, instead of quietly dismissing the offender, he shall draw up an indictment, serve it, hear excuses and arguments, and then either renew his own decision or retain the offender because he cannot legally prove what he knows.

This is absurd. The method which is approved by most civil service reformers is to destroy as far as practicable all inducements for wanton removal by extending the reformed service and preventing arbitrary appointments. Take, for instance, the present reformed system. It includes about 15,000 places, distributed mainly among certain Custom-houses and Post-offices. Place at the head of each of them a real reformer, or a man who knows that he will be removed if he does not honestly enforce the system, then in that office, as a rule, no man will be appointed by personal favor, and none will be dismissed for political reasons. If an arbitrary and unjust removal should be sometimes made, it would be a case, as in private business, which no law or regulation could prevent. This is a method which does not threaten the discipline of the service, and which gives every veteran and civilian the same security which he would have in private service. But to provide that removal shall be made only after what is either a sheer farce or an actual trial in a court of law is seriously to injure the service and the officers that are sought to be benefited. Undoubtedly, until the just method is enforced, the outrage of political removal will continue. But that outrage should be corrected, not in a manner which will surely confuse and disorganize the service, but in conformity to the sound and conservative principles of an efficient and honorable service.

OPENING OKLAHOMA.

The vast domain of Oklahoma will be and should be made accessible to settlers. Upon this point there is no serious difference of opinion. For that very reason, however, it is all the more necessary that the method of accomplishing the result should be very carefully considered in order to prevent the necessity of the step being made a pretext for wrong of any kind. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs seems to be bent, however, upon a scheme which is open to the gravest objection. He urges in his annual report, and for the third time, that the Indians west of this district should be removed into it. Last summer the President and Secretary Lamar requested Professor Painter, one of the most devoted and intelligent and experienced friends of the Indians, to report whether this course was advisable. He went to the Oklahoma district, passed twice through its whole length and across it, and studied carefully the whole subject. There could have been no better man for the purpose, and his investigation and report are free from any suspicion of personal or political or interested bias of any kind.

Professor Painter states that the proposed removal would be a very great wrong to the Indians, who are not only living upon lands to which they hold an unextinguished title, but have taken deep root, building homes and cultivating farms. The lands to which they would go are not so good as those they occupy, and they are strongly averse to removal. Oklahoma should be opened to settlement by consent of the Seminoles and Creeks, and Professor Painter thinks that this could be done readily if a fair price were offered above the thirty cents per acre which we paid for it for the settlement of the Indians upon it. The Commissioner recommends that a commission should treat with the Indians to secure their consent to removal. But this, Professor Painter says, simply means, as Mr. J. P. Dunn, Jun., states in his *Mountain Massacres:*

> "The President is authorized and empowered to drive the Indians from their native homes, and place them on unhealthy and uncongenial reservations, whenever sufficient political influence has been brought to bear upon the Commissioner of Indian Affairs or the Secretary of the Interior, by men who desire the lands of any tribe, to induce a recommendation for their removal. Provided that, before any tribe shall be removed, the members thereof shall be bullied, cajoled, or defrauded into consenting to the removal."

Our Indian wars have generally arisen from the irritation produced by such forcible removals, and nothing could more discredit with the Indians the national good faith than now, after the passage of the severalty law, and when they are happily settled, to compel them to remove in order that the lands which they have improved and to which they are attached can be seized by greedy white settlers. The list of Indian outrages is so long and so black that in dealing with the race under the new laws, which are due to an awakened national sense of justice, extreme care should be taken to confirm such confidence as the Indians may still retain in our honesty. The reservations are to be broken up, nor is it desirable to save them. But in making the great change we must have the courage and the honor to defend the Indians against ourselves. Their homes must be secured upon their best lands, and enough must be reserved for them to fulfil our present humane and wise policy of giving them the means of achieving their civilization. Upon this question of the Oklahoma lands the greatest attention should be paid by Congress to the views of those who, like Professor Painter and the Indian Rights Association, have made a complete and disinterested study of the subject, and with a friendly regard for the Indians.

AUTHORS AT WASHINGTON.

While, as Mr. Irving said to the cadets, the English joy-bells were ringing because at last the British had captured West Point, the friends of international justice were rejoicing because an American army had captured Washington. For Washington—or Congress—has hitherto tolerated an extraordinary wrong to the American author, compelling him to work at a disadvantage under which no other American citizen labors—that of offering his products in a market where foreign products of the same kind can be had for nothing. The success of the Authors' Readings in New York last November encouraged a similar enterprise in Washington, which was not only successful as an interesting entertainment, but brought the authors and Congress face to face.

In his introductory address Mr. Stedman put the argument so clearly and felicitously and in such admirable temper that, when he had ended, the case was already half won, and when the authors by the selections which they read reminded Congress that in their works a distinctive American literature was appearing under extreme and unnecessary difficulties, the other half should have been secure. Doubtless, also, the conversations of members of Congress with the authors, and the arguments of the authors before the Senate committee, showed that the demands of the proposed international copyright law were entirely reasonable, implying complete knowledge of the situation, and a sincere desire to regard every interest.

It was a happy culmination of the visit of the authors that Senator Chace introduced in the Senate, and Mr. Breckinridge in the House, the bill which has the support of authors, publishers, and manufacturers of books. It is, of course, as all such bills must be, a compromise, but for the first time in the long history of the movement there is a cordial common understanding. There is also a strong and intelligent public opinion and demand upon the subject, and this fortunate result is largely due to the good sense of the guild of letters, which now gladly welcomes even a partial recognition of the principle without demanding an absolute and complete practical acknowledgment of it in every particular. Senator Chace is sincerely interested in the good work, and will not suffer his bill to be thrust aside.

"HARPER" FOR APRIL.

"Harper" for April, which is just published, contains Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's second Study of the Great West, which deals with social and economic topics in Minnesota and Wisconsin. It is characterized by the same acuteness of observation, generous sympathy, and American sagacity and feeling which distinguished the opening paper, with the charming gayety of style which belongs to Mr. Warner. The paper confirms the impression made by the first study that this survey of Western life will be the most accurate and valuable that we have.

M. Coquelin's contribution upon acting and authors, with its portraits of the famous French playwrights, is a striking sketch by one of the chief living actors of a universally attractive aspect of contemporary life, and it is delightfully supplemented by Mr. Anstey's "Humors of a Minor Theatre" in London, which is a very entertaining glimpse of the English stage and audience. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's "Chita, a Memory of Last Island," is a picturesque and powerful romance of the Gulf of Mexico, which, apart from its essential qualities, is interesting as an illustration of the awakening literary impulse of the Southern part of the country. It is well contrasted with Mr. Welch's copiously illustrated and instructive paper upon Columbus, Ohio, and with Colonel King's capital "Leavenworth Military School."

Mr. Bridgman's illustrated "Winter in Algiers" and Mr. Griffis's "Japanese Ivory Carvings" are papers characteristic of the Magazine, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "Ananias" is an admirable character sketch of the life that he knows so well. Abbey illustrates an old English song, and Alfred Parsons a sonnet of Wordsworth, and Du Maurier has one of his keen social sketches. Mrs. Stoddard, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Dora Goodale, Andrew Lang, and Richard E. Burton are the poets of the number, and William Black is, of course, entirely at home in telling a story of Far Lochaber. "Harper" meets "sweet April," to which the poet tells us many a thought is wedded, with a timely freshness and variety and suggestiveness—its ancient and perennial qualities.

MR. SCHURZ UPON THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

The career of the late Emperor of Germany will be nowhere more impressively and wisely interpreted than by Carl Schurz at the great memorial meeting of Germans in New York. Among distinguished men of German birth no one represents more signally than Mr. Schurz the political sympathies and views which are radically opposed to those of the Emperor William. His fidelity to them as a youth brought him in danger of his life in Germany, and led him to adopt America as his home, and as William was the genius of the German despotism of forty years ago, no tribute to him could have the peculiar interest which attended that of Mr. Schurz.

His address is an admirable illustration of his keen political insight, his judicial mind, his candor, his historic instinct, and his comprehensive intelligence. He said that the audience had assembled as American citizens, but with a natural pride and tender interest in the land of their birth. They were of all political views and sympathies, and he himself was among those whom the Emperor had driven from their native country. Mr. Schurz pointed out at once the secret of the universal German feeling for the Emperor in the fact that under his reign, fulfilling the ardent hope of heroic generations, Germany had ceased to be a name, and had become a nation. The figure of William therefore will stand "in dim mythical splendor" with that of Barbarossa. Already before his death he was a national hero, and his past was forgotten in the fond pride of Germans in a united Germany.

Mr. Schurz felicitously characterized Wilhelm, not as a man of genius, but of supreme tact to perceive and to turn to the best account the genius of others. As a youth William saw Prussia overwhelmed by a state which was the product of revolutionary ideas. The only national salvation lay in the army under unlimited royal power as the adversary of the revolution. He accepted a Constitution only as the guarantee of absolute royal power, but power not for tyranny or self-indulgence, but for the benefit of the people. To this use of power, as he conceived it, he devoted himself like a day-laborer. His army was immense. It was a people in arms, and for that reason Germany is the peace-watch of Europe. The orator's allusions to the present Emperor were full of feeling and hope. No sketch of his address can do it any justice. But it was another illustration of the very great ability of a man who, amid the passions of our politics, as in those of an earlier day in Germany, maintains the independence and courage and fidelity to conscience which are the real bulwarks of the republic.

FIRE-ESCAPES.

The tragical loss of life at the fire in the apartment-house on the corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street again emphasizes the striking fact that inventions to save life from the increased exposure due to improved conveniences of living are still very backward. The danger to life is enormously increased by the modern methods of building, but there is no greater security in methods of escape from danger than there was fifty years ago. The convenience of the immense houses now constructed is undoubtedly great, but the apprehension arising from the knowledge of the terrible risk is a very serious drawback, and there are very many families which prefer the undoubted inconvenience of a longer journey and less pleasant quarters to the awful possibilities, if not probabilities, of the spacious and stately "flat house."

The ordinary fire-escapes are by no means reassuring, but, except iron ladders connecting balconies at each story, little is provided. Mr. Putnam, of Lynn, in Massachusetts, has exhibited a wet canvas shoot through which the most delicate and inflammable materials have been sent unhurt in the midst of flames, and apparently his invention would provide a practicable and unexposed escape. It has been tested, we believe, several times, but such inventions can be made generally known and brought into use only by constant care and energy, and a large outlay of money.

The loss of life by fire in the city of New York seems to be so large and so constant, and with the increase of population the herding of people in frail houses is so frequent, that some measures to secure greater protection are becoming imperative. Already the fear in regard to hotels has led to the law requiring ropes to be kept in every room. But the true method lies in the other direction, that of fire-proof construction. The law which insists upon caring for the railway passenger upon his journey in the train should not leave him at the end of his journey to the mercies of a tinder-box hotel. Hotels, indeed, like theatres, are already subject to the law, and the requirement of a strictly fire-proof construction might well become a law, including strict responsibility of the supervisor of buildings.

PERSONAL.

The widow of President Garfield has an annual income of over $20,000.

—Lawrence Barrett, as a stage-director, is devoted to details. One day he gave an order that displeased him when it was followed the day after, and he ordered a change. The actor addressed protested that he was following Mr. Barrett's own instructions of the day before. "Yes, I know that," was the tragedian's comment; "but I've lived twenty-four hours since then, and this is an age of improvement."

—The recent gift of $50,000 from Mr. Henry Charles Lea to the Philadelphia Library is the first step toward making the valuable collection of books in that institution practically free to the public. Mr. Lea is well known as the author of *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.*

—Alma-Tadema's much talked about new picture, "The Feast of Heliogabalus," is about to be put on exhibition. The artist is said to have paid extravagant prices for fresh roses used as models in his work.

—Yale's new library, the gift of S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, will be the largest college library building in the country, and probably the finest. It will cost $125,000, and is to be ready for use in the fall of next year.

—Elliott F. Shepard, brother-in-law of Cornelius Vanderbilt, enters journalism by buying the New York *Mail and Express* from Cyrus W. Field. Mr. Shepard is a man of ideas—pronounced ones—and he has the moral courage, too, to stand by his convictions stanchly. A newspaper managed by him will never be uninteresting.

—Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Hugh McCulloch and his good wife have been celebrating their golden wedding, all Washington doing them honor.

—The woman in literature is not afraid of serious themes. The wife of the English historian Green is writing the life of Henry II., analyzing his career as a statesman.

—W. L. Bull, a representative of the younger element in Wall Street, has been nominated for President of the Stock-Exchange. This seems distinctively the day of the young man, and the day is fortunate in having such earnest and high-minded juniors at command. The New York Stock-Exchange will lose none of its prestige with a young man of the stamp of W. L. Bull at its head.

—It is a joyous Easter for the widow of General Hancock, her friends presenting her with a handsome home in Washington, a large three-story brown and white stone structure.

—Ludwig Barnay, Germany's noted tragedian, was a bricklayer's apprentice in his boyhood, and was dismissed for incapacity.

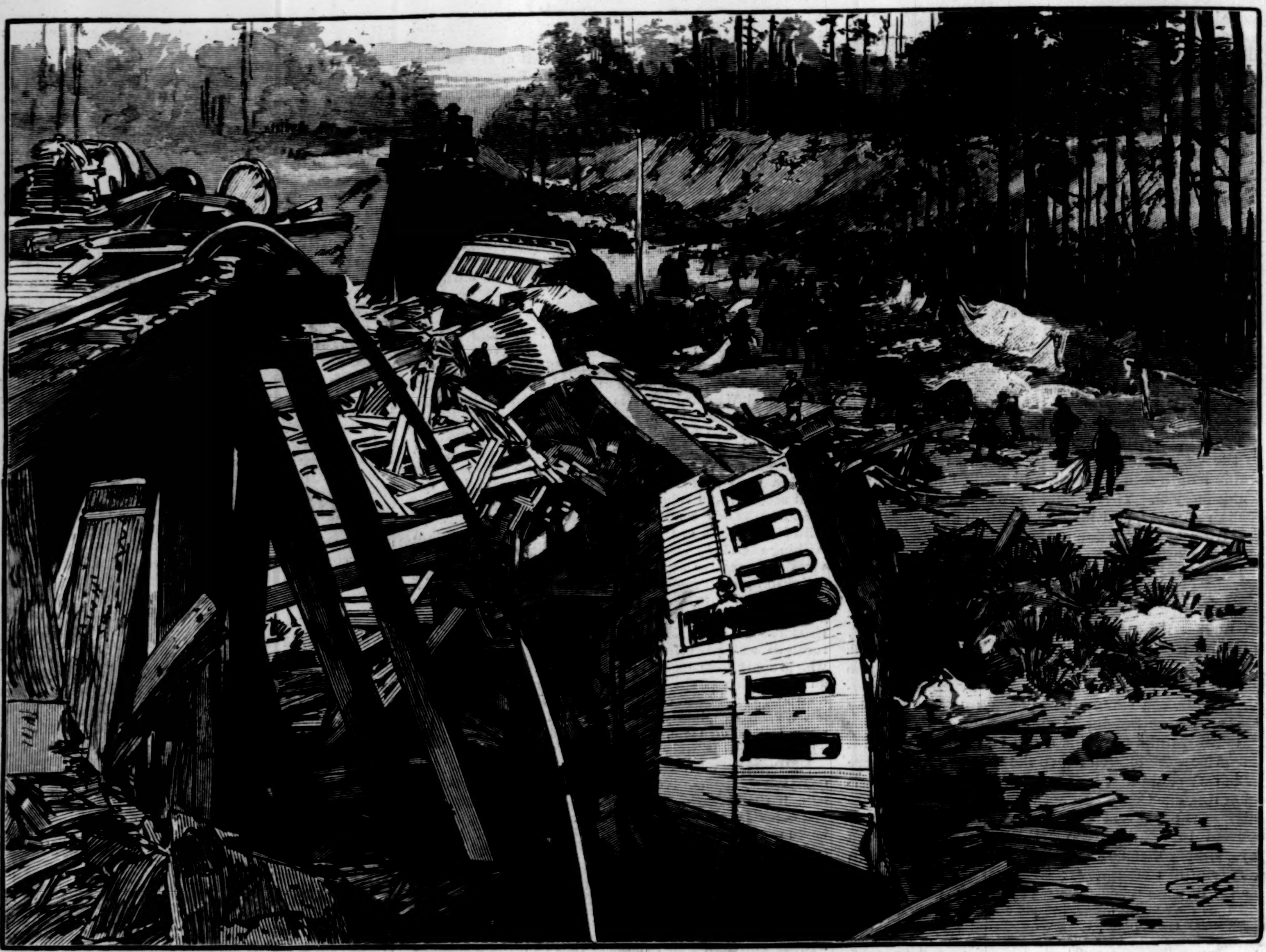
—Samuel Gilmore, a ninety-seven-year-old colored man of Lynchburg, Virginia, never rode on the cars till one day last week, when he started to visit his son at Nashville, Tennessee. The novel experience was too much for him; his nervous system went all to pieces, and at the end of his journey he died.

—William K. Vanderbilt isn't the only American who boasts a $10,000 a year cook. Congressman William L. Scott is credited with the same investment. Mr. Scott himself gets $5000 a year to help make the nation's laws.

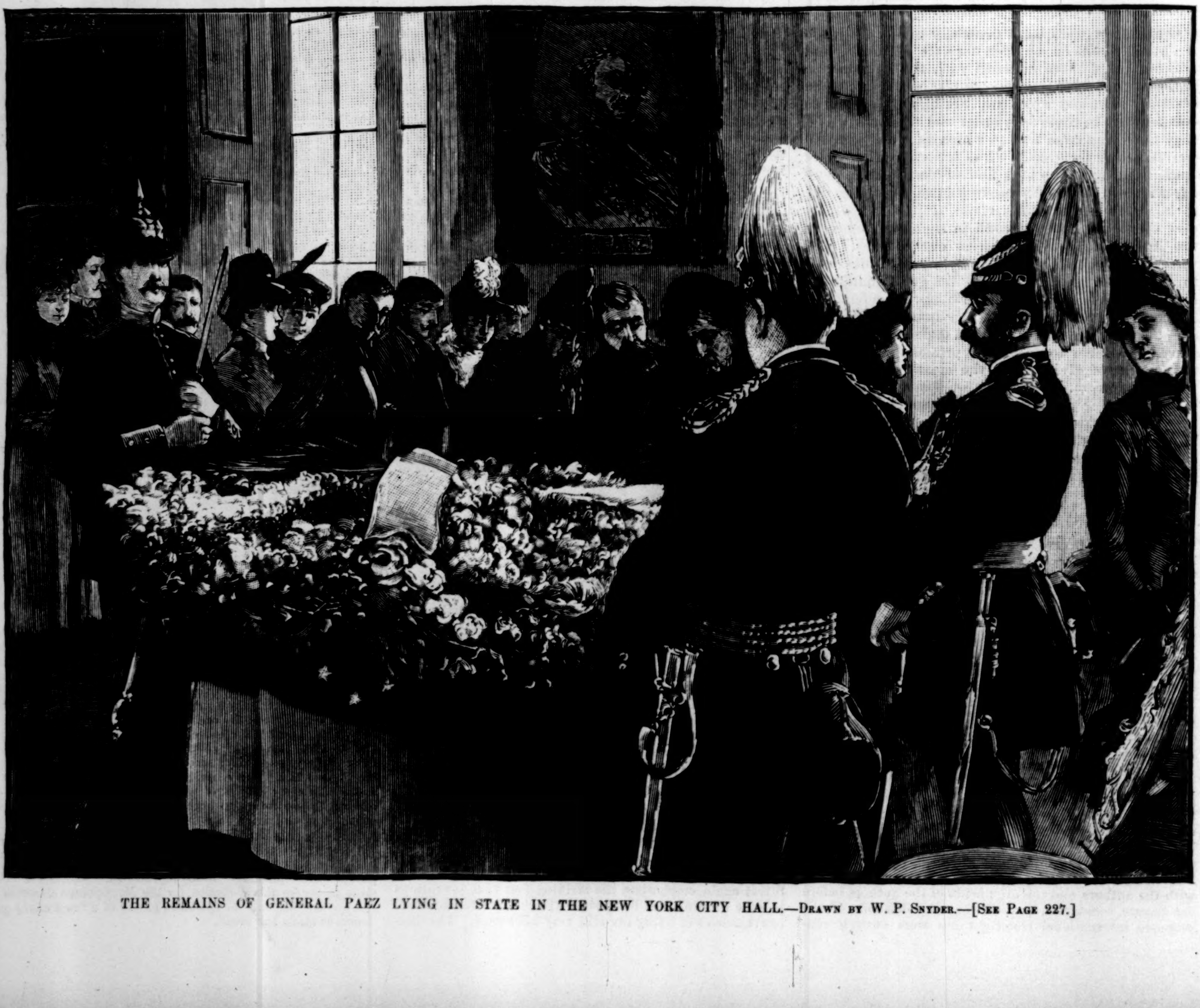
—Charles S. Reinhart's large picture called "Une Épave" ("Washed Ashore") has received the first prize, the Temple Gold Medal, at the Philadelphia Art Exhibition. This canvas has already been seen in the Paris Salon and at the American Art Gallery in New York, and later it will probably be exhibited in Washington.

—A writer in *The Epoch* says that the *Maître de Forges*, written by Georges Ohnet, "was played 271 times, and drew over a million francs." The same writer states that "Ohnet, who inherited a fortune, has gained another by his books and plays. He is an incessant worker, although a good deal of a society man. As soon as the first warm days appear he quits Paris for his country-seat, where he divides his time between work and recreation."

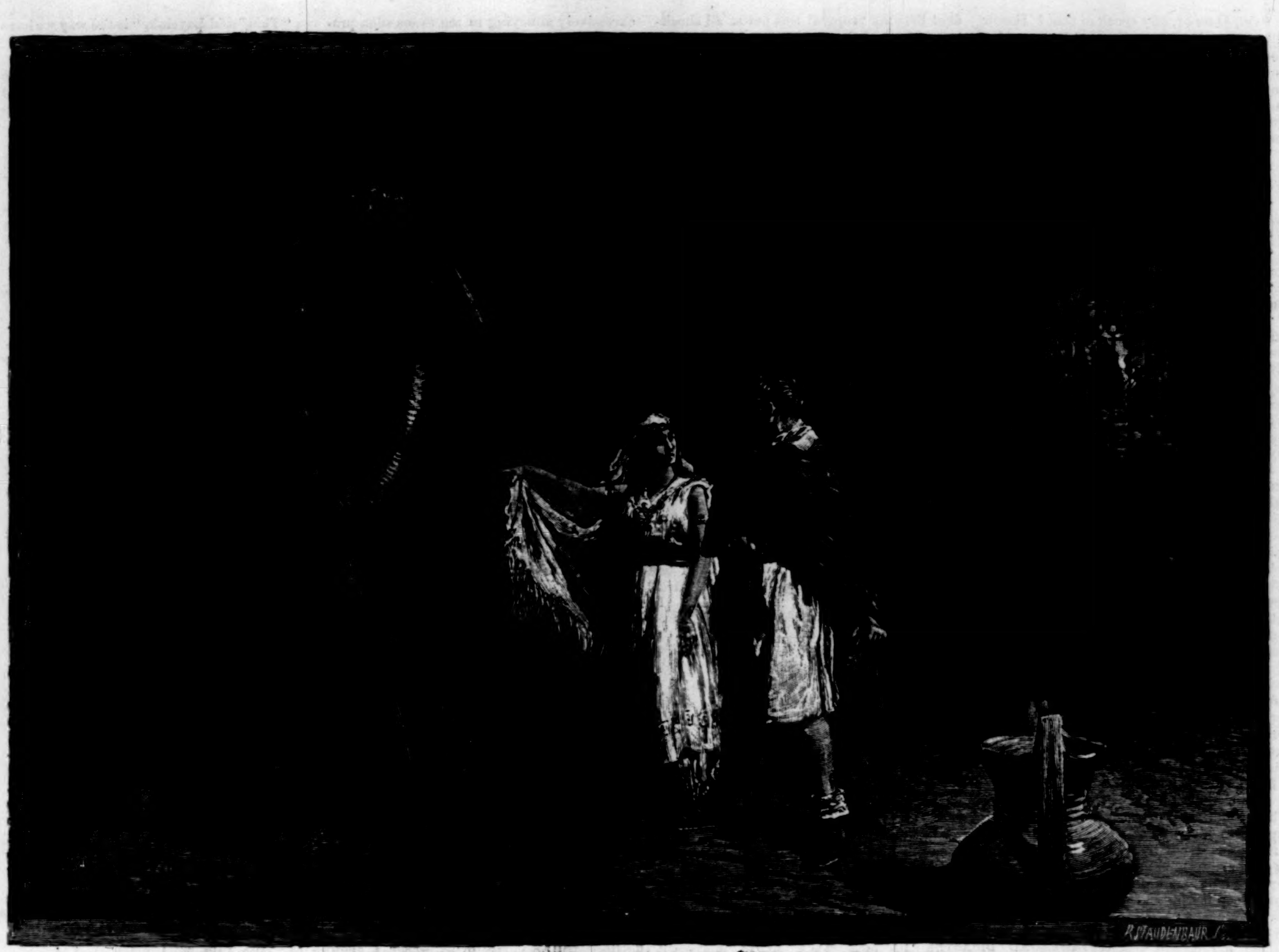
—The collection of Japanese ceramic art in possession of Professor Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, has been brought together at great labor and expense in the hope that it would ultimately go to some great museum. The qualifications of Professor Morse as a naturalist and ethnologist, and the unrivalled opportunities he had for bringing together these treasures during his long residence in Japan, attest the value and importance of the collection. In bringing together the collection he has had a fourfold object: first, to make it a record from the earliest forms of pottery to those of the present day; second, to have every province represented in which pottery has been made; third, to have every maker and every species of ware represented by a number of specimens; and fourth, to have a specimen of every kind of an object or utensil made in pottery. Absolute attainment of all these is of course impossible, but it is safe to say that all the collections of Japanese ceramic art in the museums of Europe, if brought together, would not approach this collection in completeness and number of forms represented. Efforts are being made to secure this collection for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and it needs only the combined efforts of a few wealthy gentlemen to attain this result.



THE RAILROAD DISASTER TO THE WEST INDIA MAIL NEAR BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 227.]



THE REMAINS OF GENERAL PAEZ LYING IN STATE IN THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 227.]


R. STAUDENBAUR, Sc.

"'THIS,' SAID LAYELAH, 'IS THE WAY WE HAVE OF ESCAPING.'"

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.[*]

CHAPTER XX.

THE DARK MAIDEN LAYELAH.

LAYELAH at length began to make pointed remarks about Almah.

"She loves you," said she, "and you love her. How is it that you do not give each other up?"

"I would die rather than give up Almah," said I.

Layelah smiled. "That sounds strange to the Kosekin," said she, "for here to give up your love and to die are both esteemed the greatest possible blessings. But Almah should give you up. It is the women with us who make the beginning. Women generally fall in love first, and it is expected that they will tell their love first. The delicacy of a woman's feelings makes this natural, for if a man tells his love to a woman who does not love him, it shocks her modesty; while if a woman tells a man, he has no modesty to shock."

"That is strange," said I; "but suppose the man does not love the woman?"

"Why, no woman wants to be loved; she only wants to love."

At this I felt somewhat bewildered.

"That," said Layelah, "is unrequited love, which is the chief blessing here, though for my part I am a philosopher, and would wish when I love to be loved in return."

"And then," said I, "if so, would you give up your lover, in accordance with the custom of your country?"

Layelah's dark eyes rested on me for a moment with a glance of intense earnestness and profound meaning. She drew a long breath, and then said, in a low, tremulous voice,

"Never!"

Layelah was constantly with me, and at length used to come at an earlier time, when Almah was present. Her manner toward Almah was full of the usual Kosekin courtesy and gracious cordiality. She was still intent upon learning from me the manners, customs, and principles of action of the race to which I belonged. She had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and her curiosity extended to all of those great inventions which are the wonder of Christendom. Locomotives and steamboats were described to her under the names of "horses of fire" and "ships of fire"; printing was "letters of power"; the electric telegraph, "messages of lightning"; the organ, "lute of giants," and so on. Yet, in spite of the eagerness with which she made her inquiries, and the diligence with which she noted all down, I could see that there was in her mind something lying beneath it all—a far more earnest purpose, and a far more personal one, than the pursuit of useful knowledge.

Layelah was watchful of Almah; she seemed studying her to see how far this woman of another race differed from the Kosekin. She would often turn from me and talk with Almah for a long time, questioning her about her people and their ways. Almah's manner was somewhat reserved, and it was rendered somewhat more so from the fact that her mind was always full of the prospect of our impending doom. Each *jom* as it came and went brought us nearer to that awful time, and the hour was surely coming when we should be taken to the outer square and to the top of the pyramid of sacrifice.

Once Layelah sat for some time silent and involved in thought. At length she began to speak to me.

"Almah," said she, "is very different from us. She loves you and you love her. She ought to give you up. Almah, you ought to give up Atam-or, since you love him."

Almah looked confused, and made some reply to the effect that she belonged to a different race with different customs.

"But you should follow our customs. You are one of us now. You can easily find another who will take him."

Almah threw a piteous glance at me and said nothing.

"I," said Layelah, "will take him."

She spoke these words with an air of magnanimity, as though putting it in the light of a favor to Almah; but Almah did not make any reply, and after some silence Layelah spoke of something else.

Not long after we were alone together, and Layelah returned to the subject. She referred to Almah's want of sympathy with the manners of the Kosekin, and asserted that she ought to aim after a separation.

"I love her," said I, with great warmth, "and will never give her up."

"But she must give you up; it is the woman's place to take the first step. I should be willing to take you."

As Layelah said this she looked at me very earnestly, as if anxious to see how I accepted this offer. It was for me a most embarrassing moment. I loved Almah, but Layelah also was most agreeable, and I liked her very much; indeed, so much so that I could not bear to say anything that might hurt her feelings. Among all the Kosekin there was not one who was not infinitely inferior to her in my eyes. Still, I loved Almah, and I told her so again, thinking that in this way I might repel her without giving offence.

But Layelah was quite ready with her reply.

"If you love Almah," said she, "that is the very reason why you should marry me."

This made me feel more embarrassed than ever.

I stammered something about my own feelings—the manners and customs of my race—and the fear that I had of acting against my own principles. "Besides," I added, "I'm afraid it would make you unhappy."

"Oh no," said Layelah, briskly; "on the contrary, it would make me very happy indeed."

I began to be more and more aghast at this tremendous frankness, and was utterly at a loss what to say.

"My father," continued Layelah, "is different from the other Kosekin, and so am I. I seek requital for love, and do not think it an evil."

A sudden thought now suggested itself, and I caught at it as a last resort.

"You have," said I, "some lover among the Kosekin. Why do you not marry him?"

Layelah smiled.

"I have no lover that I love," said she, "among the Kosekin."

My feeble effort was thus a miserable failure. I was about saying something concerning the Kosekin alphabet, or something else of an equally appropriate nature, when she prevented me.

"Atam-or," said she, in a low voice.

"Layelah," said I, with my mind full of confusion.

"I love you!"

She sat looking at me with her beautiful face all aglow, her dark eyes fixed on mine with an intense and eager gaze. I looked at her and said not one single word. Layelah was the first to break the awkward silence.

"You love Almah, Atam-or; but say, do you not love me? You smile at me, you meet me always when I come with warm greetings, and you seem to enjoy yourself in my society. Say, Atam-or, do you not love me?"

This was a perilous and a tremendous moment. The fact is, I did like Layelah very much indeed, and I wanted to tell her so; but my ignorance of the language did not allow me to observe those nice distinctions of meaning which exist between the words "like" and "love." I knew no other word than the one Kosekin word meaning "love," and could not think of any meaning "like." It was, therefore, a very trying position for me.

"Dear Layelah," said I, floundering and stammering in my confusion, "I love you; I—"

But here I was interrupted without waiting for any further words; the beautiful creature flung her arms around me and clung to me with a fond embrace. As for me, I was utterly confounded, bewildered, and desperate. I thought of my darling Almah, whom alone I loved. It seemed at that moment as though I was not only false to her, but as if I was even endangering her life. My only thought now was to clear up my meaning.

"Dear Layelah," said I, as I sat with her arms around me, and with my own around her slender waist, "I do not want to hurt your feelings."

"Oh, Atam-or! oh, my love! never, never did I know such bliss as this."

Here again I was overwhelmed, but I still persisted in my effort.

"Dear Layelah," said I, "I love Almah most dearly and most tenderly."

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1620.

"Oh, Atam-or, why speak of that? I know it well. And so by our Kosekin law you give her up: among us, lovers never marry. So you take me, your own Layelah, and you will have me for your bride; and my love for you is ten thousand times stronger than that of the cold and melancholy Almah. She may marry my papa."

This suggestion filled me with dismay.

"Oh no," said I. "Never, never will I give up Almah!"

"Certainly not," said Layelah; "you do not give her up—she gives you up."

"She never will," said I.

"Oh yes," said Layelah; "I will tell her that you wish it."

"I do not wish it," said I. "I love her, and will never give her up."

"It's all the same," said Layelah. "You cannot marry her at all. No one will marry you. You and Almah are victims, and the State has given you the matchless honor of death. Common people who love one another may marry if they choose, and take the punishment which the law assigns; but illustrious victims who love cannot marry, and so, my Atam-or, you have only me."

I need not say that all this was excessively embarrassing. I was certainly fond of Layelah, and liked her too much to hurt her feelings. Had I been one of the Kosekin I might perhaps have managed better; but being a European, a man of the Aryan race—being such, and sitting there with the beautiful Layelah lavishing all her affections upon me—why, it stands to reason that I could not have the heart to wound her feelings in any way. I was taken at an utter disadvantage. Never in my life had I heard of women taking the initiative. Layelah had proposed to me; she would not listen to refusal, and I had not the heart to wound her. I had made all the fight I could by persisting in asserting my love for Almah, but all my assertions were brushed lightly aside as trivial things.

Let any gentleman put himself in my situation, and ask himself what he would do. What would he do if such a thing could happen to him at home? But there such a thing could not happen, and so there is no use in supposing an impossible case. At any rate I think I deserve sympathy. Who could keep his presence of mind under such circumstances? With us a young lady who loves one man can easily repel another suitor; but here it was very different, for how could I repel Layelah? Could I turn upon her and say "Unhand me"? Could I say "Away! I am another's"? Of course I couldn't; and what's worse, if I had said such things Layelah would have smiled me down into silence. The fact is, it doesn't do for women to take the initiative—it's not fair. I had stood a good deal among the Kosekin. Their love of darkness, their passion for death, their contempt of riches, their yearning after unrequited love, their human sacrifices, their cannibalism, all had more or less become familiar to me, and I had learned to acquiesce in silence; but now when it came to this—that a woman should propose to a man—it really was more than a fellow could stand. I felt this at that moment very forcibly; but then the worst of it was that Layelah was so confoundedly pretty, and had such a nice way with her, that hang me if I knew what to say.

Meanwhile Layelah was not silent; she had all her wits about her.

"Dear papa," said she, "would make such a nice husband for Almah. He is a widower, you know. I could easily persuade him to marry her. He always does whatever I ask him to do."

"But victims cannot marry, you said."

"No," said Layelah, sweetly, "they cannot marry one another; but Almah may marry dear papa, and then you and I can be married, and it will be all very nice indeed."

At this I started away.

"No," said I, indignantly, "it won't be nice. I'm engaged to be married to Almah, and I'm not going to give her up."

"Oh, but she gives you up, you know," said Layelah, quietly.

"Well, but I'm not going to be given up."

"Why, how unreasonable you are, you foolish boy?" said Layelah, in her most caressing manner. "You have nothing at all to do with it."

At this I was in fresh despair, and then a new thought came, which I seized upon.

"See here," said I, "why can't I marry both of you? I'm engaged to Almah, and I love her better than all the world. Let me marry her and you too."

At this Layelah laughed long and merrily. Peal after peal of laughter, musical and most merry, burst from her. It was contagious; I could not help joining in, and so we both sat laughing. It was a long time before we regained our self-control.

"Why, that's downright bigamy!" exclaimed Layelah, with fresh laughter. "Why, Atam-or, you're mad!" and so she went off again in fresh peals of laughter. It was evident that my proposal was not at all shocking, but simply comical, ridiculous, and inconceivable in its absurdity. It was to her what the remark of some despairing beauty would be among us who, when pressed by two lovers, should express a confused willingness to marry both. It was evident that Layelah accepted it as a ludicrous jest.

Laughter was all very well, of course; but I was serious, and felt that I ought not to part with Layelah without some better understanding, and so I once more made an effort.

"All this," said I, in a mournful tone, "is a mere mockery. What have I to say about love and marriage? If you loved me as you say, you would not laugh, but weep. You forget what I am. What am I? A victim, and doomed—doomed to a hideous fate—a fate of horror unutterable. You cannot even begin to imagine the anguish with which I look forward to that fate which impends over me and Almah. Marriage—idle word! What have I to do with marriage? What has Almah? There is only one marriage before us—the dread marriage with death! Why talk of love to the dying? The tremendous ordeal, the sacrifice, is before us, and after that there remains the hideous *Mista Kosek!*"

At this Layelah sprang up, with her whole face and attitude full of life and energy.

"I know, I know," said she, quickly; "I have arranged for all. Your life shall be saved. Do you think that I have consented to your death? Never! You are mine. I will save you. I will show you what we can do. You shall escape."

"Can you really save me?" I cried.

"I can."

"What! in spite of the whole nation?"

Layelah laughed scornfully.

"I can save you," said she. "We can fly. There are other nations beside ours. We can find some land among the Gojin where we can live in peace. The Gojin are no like us."

"But Almah?" said I.

The face of Layelah clouded.

"I can only save you," said she.

"Then I will stay and die with Almah," said I, obstinately.

"What!" said Layelah, "do you not fear death?"

"Of course I do," said I; "but I'd rather die than lose Almah."

"But it's impossible to save both of you."

"Then leave me and save Almah," said I.

"What! would you give up your life for Almah?"

"Yes, and a thousand lives," said I.

"Why," said Layelah, "now you talk just like the Kosekin. You might as well be one of us. You love death for the sake of Almah. Why not be more like the Kosekin, and seek after a separation from Almah?"

Layelah was not at all offended at my declaration of love for Almah. She uttered these words in a lively tone, and then said that it was time for her to go.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FLYING MONSTER.

I retired to bed, but could not sleep. The offer of escape filled me with excited thoughts. These made sleep impossible, and as I lay awake I thought that perhaps it would be well to know what might be Layelah's plan of escape, for I might then make use of it to save Almah. I determined to find out all about it on the following *jom*—to question her as to the lands of the Gojin, to learn all her purpose. It might be that I could make use of that very plan to save Almah; but if not, why then I was resolved to remain and meet my fate with her. If Layelah could be induced to take both of us, I was of course resolved to go, trusting to chance as to the claims of Layelah upon me, and determined at all hazards to be faithful to Almah; but if she should positively refuse to save Almah, then I thought it possible that I might be able to find in Layelah's plan of escape something of which I might avail myself. I could not imagine what it was, but it seemed to me that it might be something quite feasible, especially for a desperate man. The only thought I had was of escape by means of some boat over the seas. In a boat I would be at home. I could make use of a sail so as to elude pursuit, and could guide myself by the stars. The only thing that I wanted to know was the situation of the lands of the Gojin.

On the following *jom* the Kohen Gadol and Layelah came quite early and spent much time. I was surprised to see the Kohen Gadol devoting himself in an absurd fashion to Almah. It at once occurred to me that Layelah had obtained her father's co-operation in her scheme, and that the old villain actually imagined that he could win the hand of Almah. To Almah herself I had said nothing whatever about the proposal of Layelah, so that she was quite ignorant of the intentions of her companion; but it was excessively annoying to me to see such proceedings going on under my own eyes. At the same time I felt that it would be both unwise and uncivil to interfere; and I was also quite sure that Almah's affections were not to be diverted from me by any one, much less by such an elderly party as the Kohen Gadol. It was very trying, however, and, in spite of my confidence in Almah, my jealousy was excited, and I began to think that the party of philosophical Radicals were not so agreeable as the orthodox cannibals whom I first met. As for Layelah, she seemed quite unconscious of any disturbance in my mind. She was as amiable, as sprightly, as inquisitive, and as affectionate as ever. She even outdid herself, and devoted herself to me with an abandon that was quite irresistible.

After Almah had left me, Layelah came again, and this time she was alone.

"I have come," said she, "to show you the way in which we can escape, whenever you decide to do so."

It was the thing above all others which I wished to know, and therefore I questioned her eagerly about it; but to all of my questions she only replied that she would show me, and I might judge for myself.

Layelah led the way, and I followed her. We traversed long galleries and vast halls, all of which were quite empty. It was the sleeping-time, and only those were visible who had some duties which kept them up later than usual. Faint, twinkling lights but feebly illuminated the general gloom. At length we came to an immense cavern, which was darker than ever, and without any lamps at all. Through a vast portal, which was closed with a barred gateway, the beams of the brilliant aurora penetrated and disclosed something of the interior.

Here Layelah stopped and peered through the gloom, while I stood waiting by her side, wondering what means of escape could be found in this cavern. As I stood I heard through the still air the sound as of living things. For a time I saw nothing, but at length I descried a vast, shadowy form moving forward toward the portal, where the darkness was less. It was a form of portentous size and fearful shape, and I could not make out at first the nature of it. It surpassed all that I had ever seen. Its head was large and its jaws long, armed with rows of terrible teeth, like those of a crocodile. Its body was of great size. It walked on its hind-legs, so as to maintain itself in an upright attitude, and in that position its height was over twelve feet. But the most amazing thing about this monster has yet to be told. As it walked its forearms waved and fluttered, and I saw descending from them what seemed like vast folded leathern wings, which shook and swayed in the air at every step. Its pace was about as fast as that of a man, and it moved with ease and lightness. It seemed like some enormous bat, or rather like a winged crocodile, or yet again like one of those monstrous dragons of which I had read, but in whose actual existence I had never believed. Yet here I saw one living and moving before me—an actual dragon, with the exception of a tail; for that appendage, which plays so great a part in all the pictures of dragons, had no place here. This beast had but a short caudal appendage, and all its terrors lay in its jaws and in its wings.

For a moment I stood almost lifeless with terror and surprise. Then I shrank back, but Layelah laid her hand on my arm.

"Don't be afraid," said she; "it's only an athaleb."

"But won't it—won't it bite?" I asked, with a shudder.

"Oh no," said Layelah; "it swallows its victuals whole."

At this I shrank away still farther.

"Don't be afraid," said Layelah again. "Its jaws are muzzled, and, besides, it's a tame athaleb. Its jaws are unmuzzled only at feeding-time. But this one is very tame. There are three or four others in here, and all as tame as I am. They all know me. Come up nearer; don't be afraid. These athalebs are easily tamed."

"How can such tremendous monsters be tamed?" I asked, in an incredulous tone.

"Oh, man can tame anything. The athalebs are very docile when they are taken young. They are very long-lived. This one has been in service here for a hundred seasons and more."

At this I began to regain my confidence, and as Layelah moved nearer to the athaleb I accompanied her. A nearer view, however, was by no means reassuring. The dragon-look of the athaleb was stronger than ever, for I could see that all its body was covered with scales. On its neck and back was a long ridge of coarse hair, and the sweep of its vast arms was enormous. It was with a quaking heart that I stood near; but the coolness of Layelah reassured me, for she went close up, as a boy would go up to a tame elephant, and she stroked his enormous back, and the monster bent down his terrible head and seemed pleased.

"This," said Layelah, "is the way we have of escaping."

"This!" I exclaimed, doubtfully.

"Yes," said she. "He is trained to the service. We can mount on his back, and he will fly with us wherever I choose to guide him."

"What!" I exclaimed, as I shrank back—"fly! Do you mean to say that you will mount this hideous monster, and trust yourself to him?"

"Certainly," said Layelah, quietly. "He is very docile. There is harness here with which we can guide him. Should you like to see him harnessed?"

"Very much indeed," said I.

Upon this Layelah walked up to the monster and stroked his breast. The huge athaleb at once lay down upon his belly. Then she brought two long straps like reins, and fastened each to the tip of a projecting tip of each wing. Then she fastened a collar around his neck, to which there was attached a grappling-iron.

"We seat ourselves on his back," said Layelah. "I guide with these reins. When we land anywhere I fasten him with the grapple. He looks dull now, but if I were to open the gate and remove his muzzle he would be off like the wind."

"But can he carry both of us?" I asked.

"Easily," said Layelah. "He can carry three persons without fatigue."

"Could you mount on his back now, and show me how you sit?"

Layelah readily assented, and mounted with the greatest ease, seating herself on the broadest part of the back between the wings.

"Here," said she, "is room for you. Will you not come?"

For an instant I hesitated; but then the sight of her, seated there as coolly as though she were on a chair, reassured me, and I climbed up also, though not without a shudder. The touch of the fearful monster was abhorrent; but I conquered my disgust and seated myself close behind Layelah. Here she sat, holding the reins in her hands, with the grapple just in front of her; and, seated in this position, she went on to explain the whole process by which the mighty monster was guided through the air.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WALTER Q. GRESHAM.

Walter Quintin Gresham, whose name is now included in every list of the Republicans who are likely to be named as candidates for the Presidency before the National Convention at Chicago on June 19th, is one of the most interesting members of the political party of which he has always been a zealous adherent. He was born on March 17, 1833, near Corydon, Harrison County, Indiana. His grandfather, George Gresham, a Virginian of English stock, was a pioneer settler in Indiana in 1809, an honest, courageous, industrious, and pious farmer. William Gresham, his eldest son, was a man of striking personal beauty, tall, soldier-like, affable, and naturally popular. To his father's occupation of farmer he added that of a cabinet-maker. He married, in 1825, Sarah Davis, who had come to Indiana from Virginia, where she was born of Scotch-Irish parents. To William and Sarah Gresham was born, eight years later, the subject of this sketch. His birthplace was a very humble cottage a story and a half high, with a kitchen extension. In this same cottage Mrs. Gresham still lives, a hale and happy woman whom time has treated gently, and here she frequently is visited by the son whose career she has followed with pardonable pride. William Gresham, his father, who had come to be a colonel of militia, and was elected Sheriff of Harrison County the same year that Walter Gresham was born, was killed by a desperado, leaving his widow with five children to be provided for out of a moderate estate. Walter grew up to learn the hardships of a struggling farmer's life. He obtained such educational advantages as were to be derived from winter schools, and yearned for the larger opportunities of the Corydon seminary. Unusual attentiveness and aptness helped him forward, and having secured a position in the office of the County Auditor, he earned money enough to enable him to attend Bloomington University for two years. That was the beginning and the ending of his scholarship. But he had formed the habit of the student, and while he was filling the office of Deputy County Clerk at Corydon he was studying law with Judge W. A. Porter, a lawyer whose careful methods made a lasting impression upon his apt pupil.

In 1854, after three years of incessant work and study, Walter Gresham was admitted to the bar, and began, with Thomas C. Slaughter, the practice of his profession. As he accumulated business he became interested in politics in a country in which law and politics went hand in hand. Allying himself with the newly formed Republican party, he soon developed as much power as a direct, logical, and convincing political orator as he had shown in his calm, sound, and reasonable arguments in the courts. In 1858 he married Miss Matilda McGrain. The young lawyer was then one of the foremost men of his party in his section of the State. When the political struggle of 1860 came on he was nominated for the Legislature, and was elected in a district that had been controlled by a Democratic majority of more than 500. This majority he had overcome by his manly meeting with his opponent in joint discussions, and so ably did he join issue with the Democratic candidate that he repeatedly drove him in confusion from the platform. In the Legislature he proved a valuable promoter of the efforts of Governor Morton to bring the militia system of Indiana into a better condition. When the war came he favored every effort made to avert it by honorable means, and in the hope of a peaceful adjustment of differences gave his assent in the Legislature to a proposal for a conference of representatives of the border States at Washington.

The cry to arms found Gresham a captain of militia. He had, besides his small military training, a heritage of courage and military tastes. Entering the service as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 38th Indiana, he was soon transferred to the 53d Regiment as Colonel, and before he had been many months in command had won the esteem and confidence of General Grant, then flushed with his victory at Donelson, and brought into greater prominence by his conduct at Shiloh. Colonel Gresham participated in all the movements preceding the siege of Vicksburg, and in August, 1863, was, upon the recommendation of General Grant and General Sherman, made a Brigadier-General, and put in command of the post of Natchez. As post commander he proved to be an admirably wise governor, maintaining order among the turbulent people, and confronting a horde of greedy and rapacious cotton thieves and speculators with characteristic incorruptibility and firmness. In the spring of 1864, at the head of a division of the Seventeenth Corps, Army of the Tennessee, he joined in the campaign that led up to the taking of Atlanta. General McPherson was his commander, and the two were devoted friends. In many actions during the Atlanta campaign he exhibited qualities as a soldier that won for him the warm admiration of the officers whom he obeyed and the soldiers whom he commanded. On July 20th, at Leggett Hill, while marching at the head of his command, and well in advance, he was wounded by a musket-ball that struck him just below the knee. He was carried to the rear. General McPherson personally superintended General Gresham's removal to a place of safety. The next day, after General Gresham had been removed to a distance from the field of battle, he was shocked to find himself stretched out in a box car alongside of the dead body of General McPherson, who had been killed in action soon after they parted. General Gresham's wound kept him a close prisoner for more than a year. It left him slightly but permanently lame.

Returning to the practice of his profession, with the brevet rank of Major-General conferred for gallant service, he was called upon at New Albany in 1866 to accept a nomination for Congress against Michael C. Kerr. General Gresham made his campaign speeches while on crutches, but he was defeated in that year and in 1868, when he again ran against Mr. Kerr. He held the position of financial agent of Indiana until 1869, when General Grant tried to draw him into the public service by offering him the place of Collector of Customs at New Orleans. He declined that office, and the position of United States District Attorney for Indiana. His refusal of the latter place was characteristic. He had gone to Washington to solicit the appointment for a personal friend. General Grant listened attentively to his argument. When it was concluded, he said, "I have already selected a man to be District Attorney for Indiana." General Gresham was astonished. "Who is the man?" he inquired. "Yourself," was the unexpected reply. But General Gresham peremptorily refused to accept the honor. He accepted, however, in December, 1869, the appointment of District Judge for Indiana, which General Grant offered him. He occupied the bench with credit to his profession and honor to himself, speedily winning a name for fearlessness, impartiality, firmness, soundness, and integrity.

His name became known beyond the bounds of his State, and his wisdom and ability secured for him favorable mention as a member of the cabinet of President Garfield. Contentions within the Republican party in Indiana compelled the abandonment of General Gresham as a cabinet officer. In April, 1883, after the death of Postmaster-General T. O. Howe, President Arthur selected General Gresham as his successor. He left the bench, changed his residence at Evansville for one at Washington, and until September, 1884, devoted himself to the exacting duties of his new office with a diligence and an executive ability that soon won for him the highest praise. After the death of Secretary of the Treasury Folger, President Arthur transferred General Gresham to that position. He held the Treasury portfolio for one month and two days, when he retired from the cabinet. He was then fifty-two. While associated with President Arthur he had won that gentleman's entire confidence and esteem, and when, in December, 1884, Judge Drummond retired from the office of United States Circuit Judge, General Gresham was restored to a position which was altogether congenial.

In person General Gresham is attractive, and his attractiveness is of a kind that grows upon acquaintance. While giving the impression to strangers of a man of reserve, he soon develops a genial and sunny side to those who approach him. He has no "pride of office." As Postmaster-General he was far more considerate and attentive to visitors than many of his subordinates. His fearlessness and promptness of judgment were a terror to sharps and schemers. Tall, inclined to spareness, with dark hair and beard and clear brown eyes, he is a man of dignified presence, modest, self-possessed, and gentle in conversation. He is popular at home. In 1884, during the canvassing that preceded the Convention at Chicago, he was voted for by a part of the Indiana delegation as their preference for the Presidency. But the contentions of State factions, resulting in the persistent division of the votes of Indiana between General Gresham and General Harrison, destroyed the chances of either of those "favorite sons" of the State in the balloting. The division is not yet healed. It may assert itself again in the coming State Convention. If it should be closed up, and Indiana should present a united delegation for General Gresham, it is far from improbable that the Republicans will have a candidate for President who will present strong inducements to all members of that party for zealous support.

RIDING FOR HIS LIFE.

The Satsika or Blackfeet Indians have a great reputation for bravery, but a sinister fame for horse-thieving, gambling, and guerilla warfare. They belong to the Algonquin branch of the redskins of North America, according to the students of the difficult tongues of the Indians, who found it necessary long ago to make certain divisions among the Indians with respect to their speech. What is more certain is that they belong geographically along the course of the Saskatchewan River, although they are now spread through Wyoming and Montana down to the Missouri River and the Yellowstone. They can be separated into the true Satsika, the Kena or Bloods, a third band called Piegans, from a famous leader, and a fourth, called the Robes. Ten or fifteen years ago the Blackfeet in the United States were reckoned at 7500, and those in Canada at 6000, but the wildness of their bands and their roving disposition made an exact census impossible.

Their location on both sides of the line gives the Blackfeet opportunity to commit crimes in Canada and escape into the United States, and *vice versa*. Hence the authorities have a great deal of trouble in securing the persons of criminals. Our illustration shows an exciting race for life on the part of a Satsika accused of murder, who is trying to escape from the mounted Canadian police, and is doing his utmost to get across the line before his pursuers close on him. The troopers wear the forage cap familiar in London streets, which is kept like a small mustard plaster on one side of the English soldier's head. The officer has the frogged coat of the British officer of the line, and wears on his head a variant on the Scotch cap. He also has a Scotch face, whilst the troopers have physiognomies that may be either Irish or Scotch. The horses and accoutrements form a contrast with those of the Blackfoot, who, using neither saddle nor stirrup, and merely a halter for a bridle, represents the wild man of the West, with his *impedimenta* reduced to the smallest weight and compass. The rifles lie across the saddles of the police, and all hands flourish the deadly six-shooter. It is all up with the Satsika, and that he knows it appears from his uplifted left hand, and the stoical look on his face of having been run to earth at last.

Mr. Frederic Remington, the artist, who has caught with singular felicity the rush and endurance of horses at full speed, made his acquaintance with horseflesh in a very practical way on a ranch in the far West. Visitors to the late exhibition of water-colors at the Academy of Design will remember this picture in colors hanging in the corridor. There is a moral concealed in the scene which the observer may possibly overlook if it is not mentioned. The only accessories to the grim scene are skulls of buffaloes, the chief support of Indians of this type. Their food has been slaughtered mercilessly by the arms of precision invented by the whites, and the Blackfeet, unwilling and in most cases unable to settle down as farmers and citizens, owing to their inherited nature and the absence of those traits which permit white men to thrive in regions swept bare of game, are forced to plunder or to starve.

WRECK OF THE "WEST INDIA FAST MAIL."

The railway disaster which we illustrate this week is distinguished even among the frequent and shocking events which have recently been put upon pictorial record in these columns. Every car in the train was instantly wrecked. The guillotine works no more quickly than the first crash, which killed nineteen persons. Six more speedily died, and the telegraph reported a list of thirty-five wounded, of whom several were expected to be transferred to the list of dead. One of the killed was M. A. Wilbur, son of the President of the Lehigh Valley Railway, who with a family party of twelve was occupying his private car on a pleasure journey.

The train was known as the "Cuban Mail," from New York for Jacksonville. But, as it happened, the only cars in the train were Mr. Wilbur's, two Pullman palace cars, a first-class passenger car, and a "combination," or baggage and smoking car. The mail car, with a dozen others, followed in a second section, thus happily lessening the disaster. On Saturday, the 17th, the train was near Blackshear, Georgia, a little station on the Savannah, Florida, and Western Railway, about seventy-five miles from Savannah. Alabama Creek there crosses the track, and is spanned by Hurricane Trestle, which is several hundred feet long and thirty feet high, more or less. It is customary to pass this trestle slowly, but on this Saturday forenoon the pilot section, with its light train of picked cars and distinguished passengers, dashed upon Hurricane Trestle with unusual speed. The locomotive passed to firm ground, but the rest of the train crashed with the trestle to the clay and rocks of the creek's bed beneath. There was not the least warning. The whole structure instantly collapsed. It is worth noting that all accounts agree upon this, for after some days' delay it was said that the cause of the disaster was not speed too fast for the trestle, but a broken axle, which let the truck down upon the ties, thus gradually tearing the trestle to pieces as the train passed along.

As the cars struck the ground there was a moment of awful stillness; then arose a frightful chorus of groans, of cries for water, and of shouts, "We'll all be burned to death!" The flames happily were extinguished; then nineteen silent forms were stretched along the track, and finally heads and limbs were bandaged. Those experienced in such affairs declared the marvel was, not that so many suffered, but that so many escaped. Never, they declared, had they seen cars so wrecked and splintered.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PAEZ.

General José Antonio Paez, one of the most potent factors in the securing by Venezuela and the United States of Colombia (formerly New Granada), their independence from Spanish dominion, twice President and once Dictator of the former republic, died in exile in New York on May 6, 1873. His remains were deposited by his son, Colonel Ramon A. Paez, long a well-known resident of New York, in a vault in the Marble Cemetery, in Second Street near Second Avenue. On Thursday of last week, fifteen years after his funeral, the remains were removed to the Governor's Room in the City Hall, of which we present an illustration showing them lying there in state, guarded by members of the Eleventh Regiment, who had succeeded those of the Veteran Corps of the Seventh Regiment. About the casket were draped the United States and Venezuelan flags, and upon it were placed the sword presented to the great llanero patriot General by the citizens of New York, and many wreaths and floral offerings.

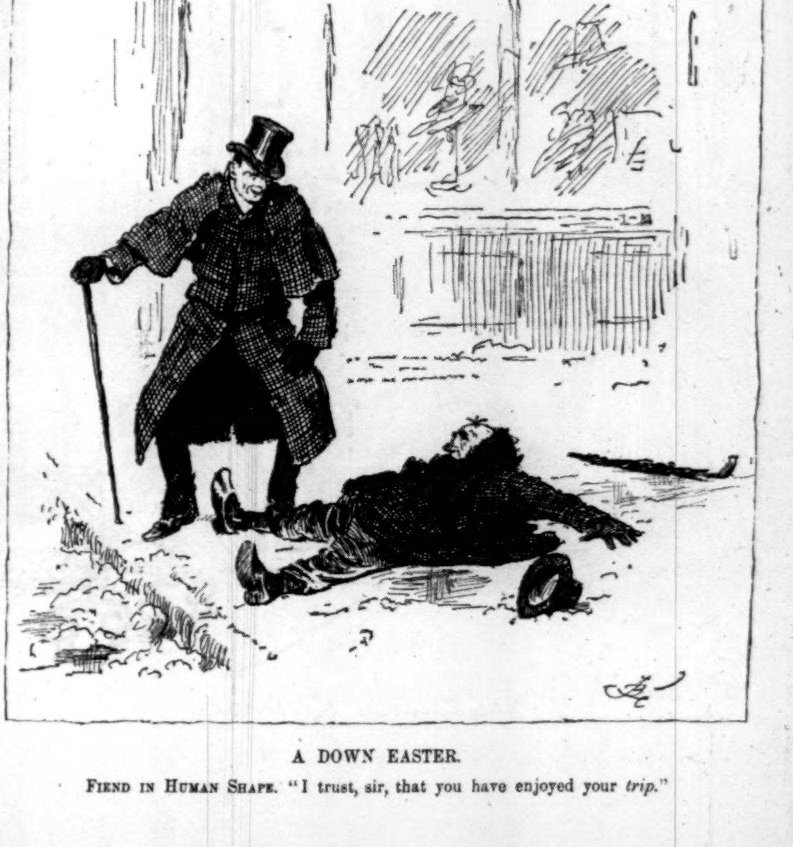
José Antonio Paez was born at Araure, in the Venezuelan province of Barinas, on the 13th of June, 1790, and died in his eighty-third year. When seventeen an uncle, the parish priest of Araure, gave him a large sum of money to deliver to the priest of a parish at some distance. Young Paez started on mule-back, with an old pistol and an old sword for his defence and that of his treasure. At an inn he told of his charge, and had not gone much further on his way when he was attacked by three men. One he shot and killed, and the others he put to flight. Afraid that he would not be able to prove that he killed the man in self-defence, he fled to the llanos, or plains, and there secured employment on a cattle farm. There he became a magnificent horseman, and learned many things of use to him, when he raised a force of llanero cavalry, which defeated the Spaniards first at Mata de la Miel, on the right bank of the Apure River.

When the revolution began in April, 1810, young Paez volunteered as a private, but soon became a sergeant in the cavalry. He shortly, finding promotion slow, organized the llanero force. He was made a prisoner by the royalists, and condemned to death, but finally escaped. Later he came to the conclusion that the patriots could not succeed while the Spaniards held the plains, and therefore had a corner in horses. He went to the plains of Casanare, in New Granada, where he raised a band of llanero cavalry, and took it into the province of Apure. In the battle at Mata de la Miel, in 1816, he had, says his son, in his *Wild Scenes in South America*, about six hundred men against the sixteen hundred men and two pieces of artillery under the royalist leader Don Rafael Lopez. Paez's men were both New-Granadians and Venezuelans, and he was very popular with them. Lopez was defeated again by him a few months later. Paez's camp, in 1816, became the refuge of a number of patriots—single men and women, and families.

Shortly after having been made commander of the revolutionary forces, Paez again defeated Lopez, and captured the city of Achaguas, securing the province of Apure, and part of those of Barnias, in Venezuela, and Casanare, in New Granada. The royalist army under La Torre was defeated by him in 1817, and shortly Paez recognized the authority of the Liberator Simon Bolivar. As general of division in 1819 he beat the Spanish General Morillo. In 1821, by the victory at Carabobo, Bolivar and he secured the independence of Colombia, and he took Puerto Cabello, in Venezuela, in 1823. The new government having been formed, Paez was chosen to represent Venezuela in the Senate of what was then Colombia. Venezuela and New Granada had united in 1820 in a general Congress, and Simon Bolivar had been made President. Having given offence, in 1826 the House of Representatives decided to impeach Paez. He refused to answer the summons, and took command of the Venezuelan military. The revolution continued until the return from Lima of Bolivar, who recognized Paez as chief in Venezuela. That country becoming independent in 1829, Paez was chosen President the following year. He put down two rebellions led by Monagas, and was re-elected in 1839, to be succeeded in 1846 by Monagas. In 1848 Paez led a revolution against Monagas, was made prisoner, and on being released by the Venezuelan Congress, came in exile to the United States in 1850. Eight years later, his many times adversary being defeated, Paez was invited to return to his native country, and was sent in 1860 as Minister to the United States. He resigned his office at the end of a year, and returning home, was put at the head of the forces to quiet the country. He was unsuccessful, and came back to New York in 1864. He later spent some time in Peru and the Argentine Republic, in each country being allowed an important pension, and returned to New York the year before his death.

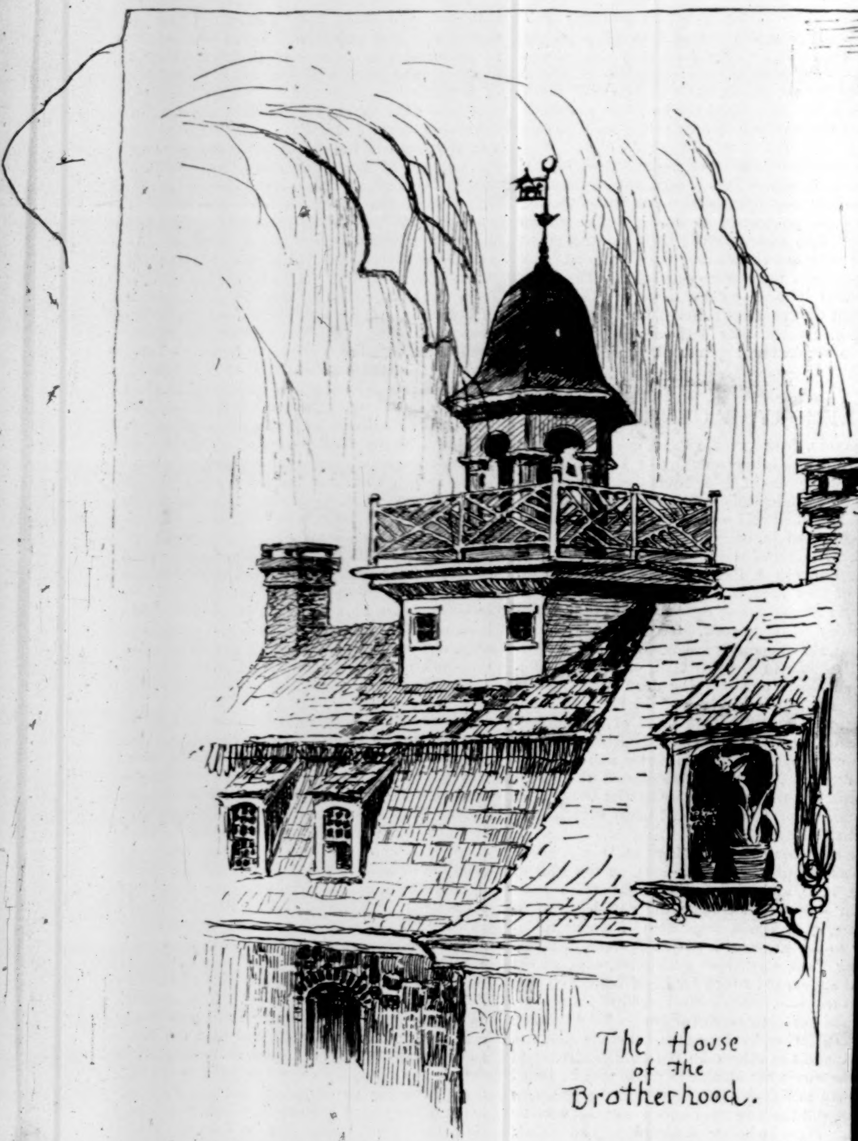
Both Colombia and Venezuela for a number of years have endeavored to secure Paez's remains. In 1882 the Congress of the former country took action looking to their removal to Bogotá. Venezuela, then under the rule of President Guzman Blanco, who had been a bitter enemy of General Paez, resolved to have them also. Blanco ordered all the money then due for vault rent at the cemetery in New York paid, and then the Venezuelan Consul wrote to the superintendent not to deliver the remains to any one without instructions from his government. Colonel Paez secured a temporary injunction, which was finally made permanent, restraining the cemetery superintendent from letting anybody have the remains unless on his order, the law of this State being that he alone has a right to dispose of them. With his assent Colombia had meanwhile voted $20,000 for the expenses of transferring the body to Bogotá, the capital.

The United States was then asked to send a war vessel with the remains to Colombia, as it has now done to Venezuela. The President of the latter country then issued a decree providing that all honors should be paid to the remains and asked the consent of Colonel Paez to have them taken there. The latter, however, decided to let them go to Colombia, but through various causes both projects fell through for the time, and now, the dead hero's son agreeing, Venezuela has secured her point, and Paez's remains will rest hereafter in Carácas, like those of Bolivar, his old companion in patriotism, with the honors and laurels of three republics covering his final tomb.

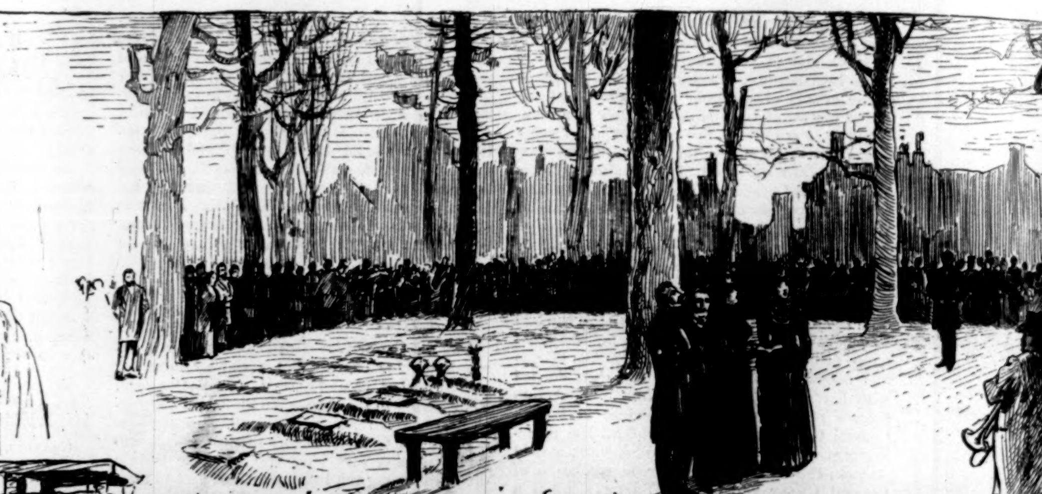


A DOWN EASTER.

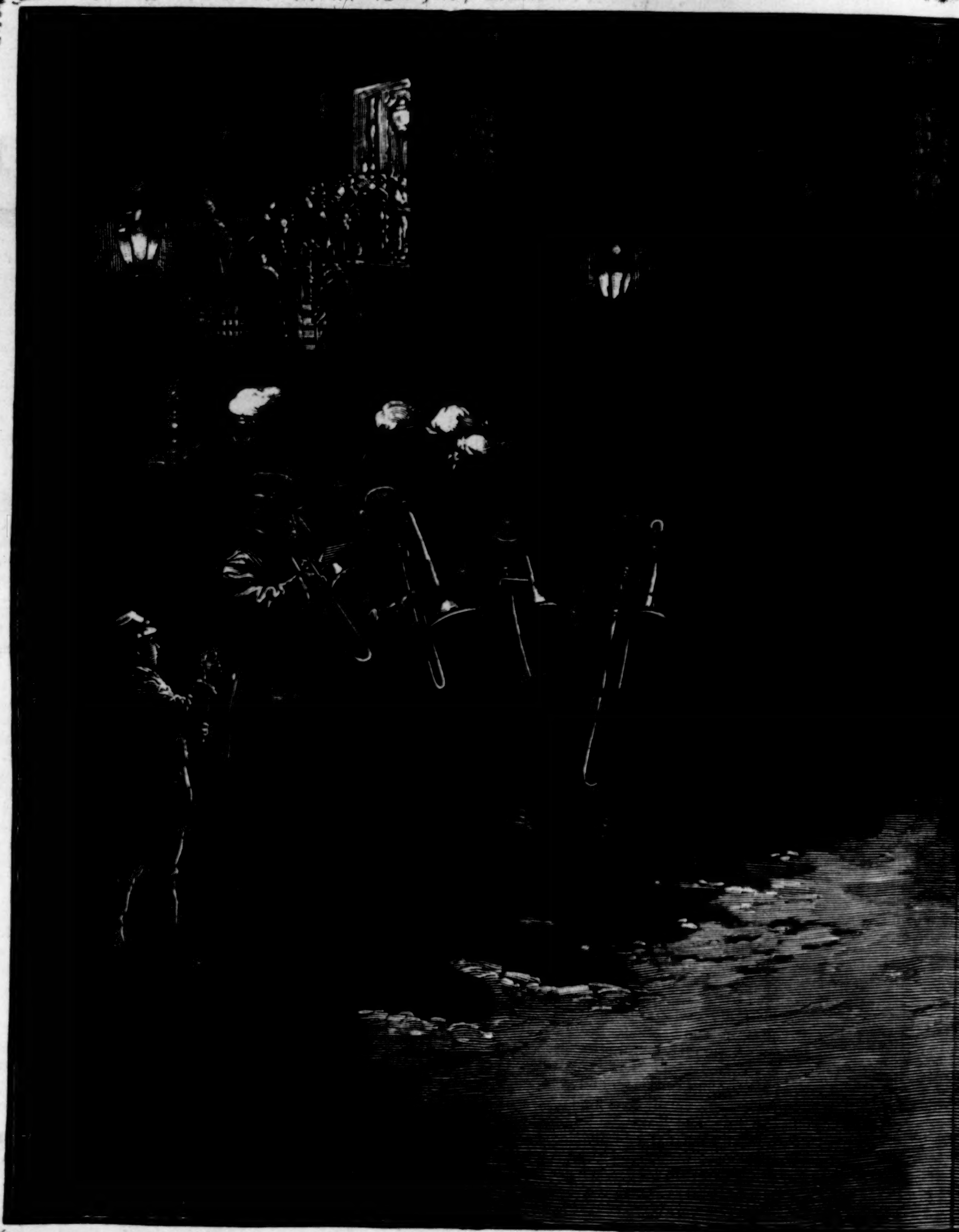
Fiend in Human Shape. "I trust, sir, that you have enjoyed your *trip*."

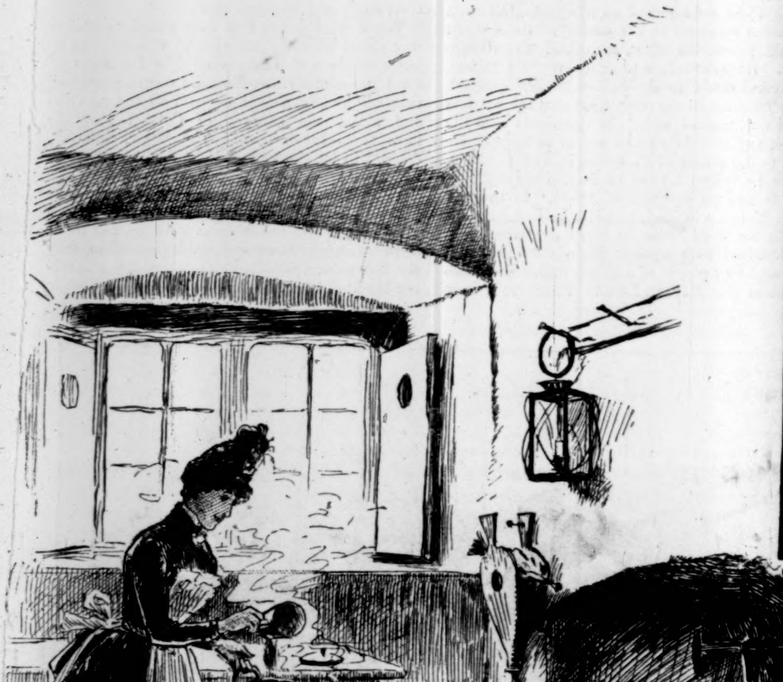


The House of the Brotherhood.

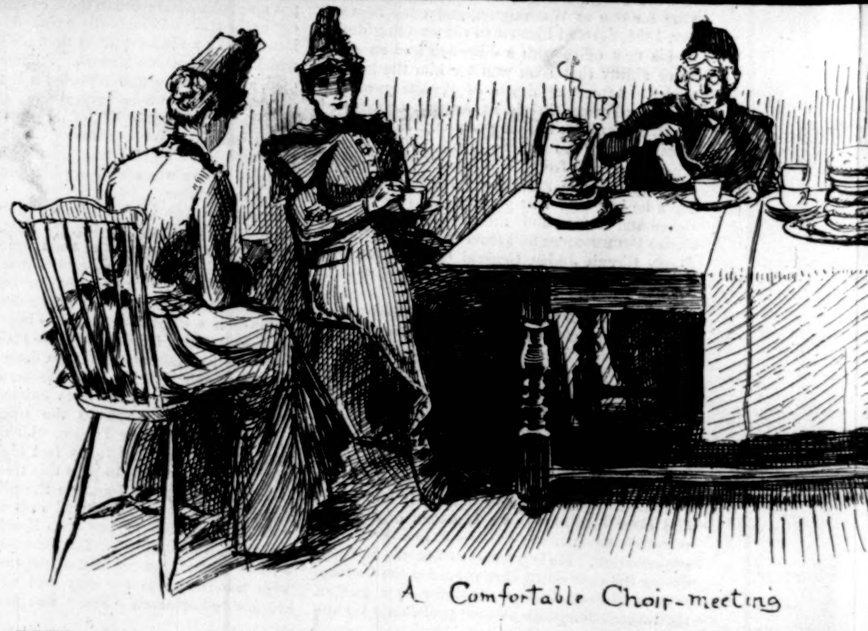


At Sunrise in the Burying-Ground.



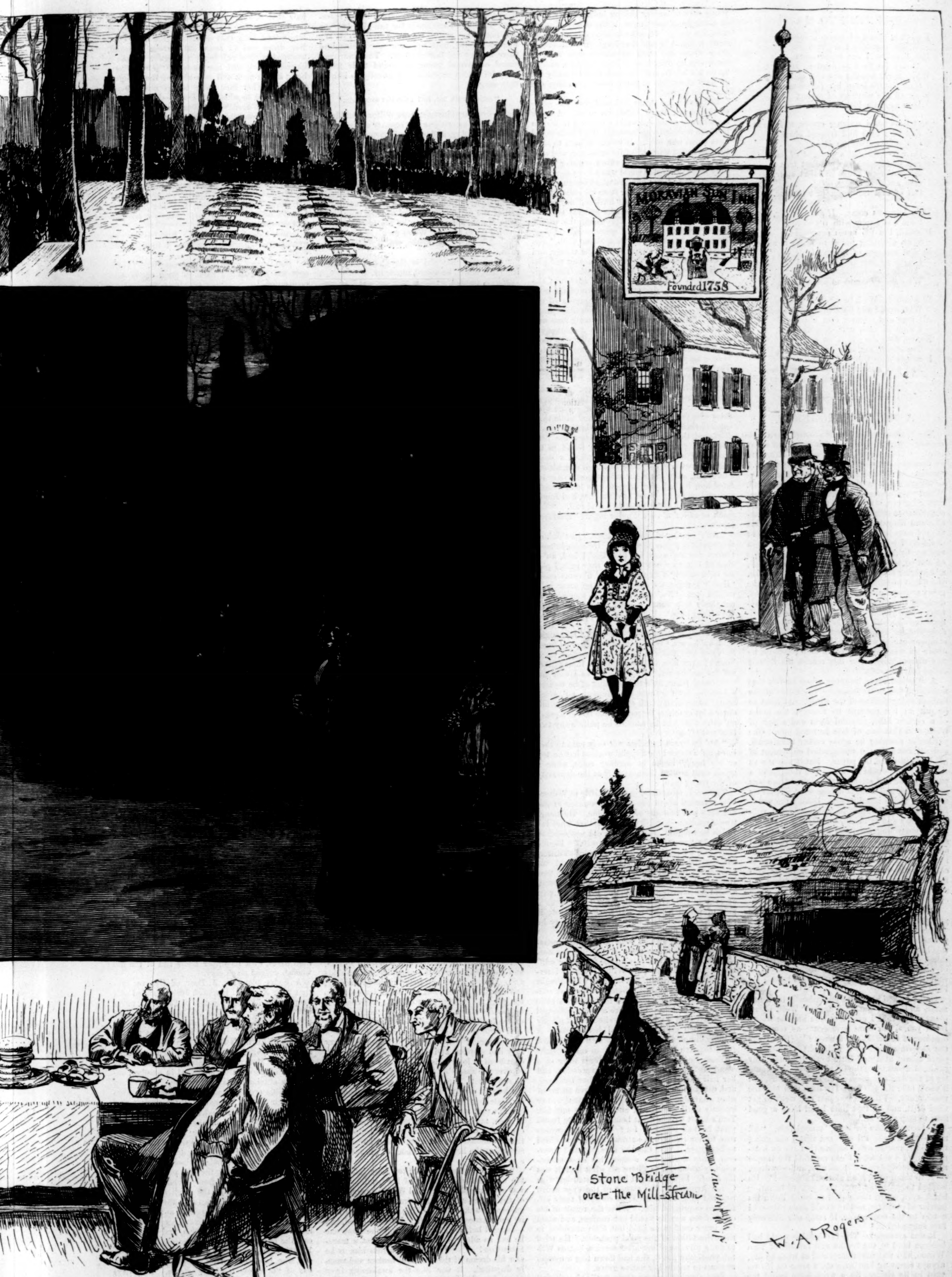


The Church Kitchen.



A Comfortable Choir-meeting

EASTER SUNDAY MORNING AMONG THE MORAVIANS AT BETH


Moravian Sun Inn
Founded 1758
Stone Bridge over the Mill-stream
W. A. Rogers

ETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 230.]

THE TIME TO HATE.

I HAVE a friend—I mean, a foe—
Whom cordially I ought to hate;
But somehow I can never seem
To lay the feud between us straight.
When apple boughs are full of bloom,
And Nature loves her fellow-men
With all the witchery of spring,
How can you hate a fellow then?

And then when summer comes, with days
Full of a long and languid charm,
When even water-lilies sleep
On waves without a thought of harm,
When underneath the shadiest tree
My hammock hangs in idlest state,
I were an idiot to get up
Out of that hammock just to hate.

Then harvests come. If mine is big,
I am too happy with my store;
If small, I'm too much occupied
With grubbing round to make it more.
In dim recesses of my mind
I have no idle hour to spend
In hunting up the bitter foe
Who simply ought to be my friend.

In winter? Well, in winter—ugh!—
Who would add hate to winds that freeze?
All love and warmth that I can get
I want in such dull days as these.
No, no, dear foe; it is no use;
The struggling year is at an end;
I cannot hate you if I would,
And you must turn and be my friend.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

A MODERN DIOGENES.

TOM WILTON, so his friends averred, was a trifle eccentric, inasmuch as he was in search of an ideal. "Like Diogenes," he said, "looking for an honest man, only my man happens to be a woman; as hard to find, however, in these days of electricity as in the time of no light at all. When my predecessor is pictured as going about with a lantern, it strikes me that there is a slight anachronism somewhere. Lanterns were invented about King Alfred's time, weren't they? But the old man had no worse time, with or without one, than I have. You can only judge a girl in this age by gas-light." And so he would ramble on and on, the perfect embodiment of cynicism; and judging from the gravity with which he spoke, you might imagine that he had studied under the great arch-cynic himself. Never had he found, declared the young man, a perfectly natural woman. Their manners, their graces, were all artificial and affected; and although he was reckoned somewhat of a flirt, danced well, was agreeable company except when talking of his hobby, and above all was possessed of an ample income, he was discontented. For this reason his friends called him eccentric.

A time had come, however, when he felt that something had to be done—he was weary of the endless string-pulling of the world. At least so he put it; but perhaps he thought too much of a certain lithe, graceful form and a pair of black eyes that had of late haunted him. One particular morning he arose earlier than usual, and sat down to the undisturbed enjoyment of his breakfast and the paper. But it was not as tranquil as he would have it. The thought of a party that he had attended the night before was in his mind, and a certain face kept constantly recurring to his imagination. During the wakeful periods of the night he had considered, with true bigotry and cynicism, the various artificialities of the young lady, and he had come to the conclusion that his ideal existed, if it really did exist, only in wild Arcadian pastures, and thither he decided to go in search of it. But how to start?—that was the question. A rather slim breakfast had just been despatched, when the servant announced "Mr. Grant," and his chum entered.

"Hello, old man; how're things?" was Grant's greeting.

The "old man" lay back in his chair and yawned wearily. "Truth is, Sam, I'm tired of this lazy life of mine, and am anxious to do something. I want to go away into the true haunts of nature, and while enjoying the quiet life of country simplicity I may also be able to find my ideal."

Grant looked at his friend curiously for a moment, and burst out laughing. "Well, of all crazy chaps that I ever met, you are the worst. I tell you, d'you want a sinecure as telegraph operator at seven dollars a week?" (Grant was the superintendent of a railroad.) "There's a place vacant at a dull little town, Brightville by name, of about three thousand people. It's country of the first order. You know telegraphy, and if you'll take the job for a few days it 'll help me wonderfully. I'll give you just one week to get tired of it, and by that time I can have a good man to step right in."

"*At seven dollars per week*," mused Tom. "All right—it's a go! I'll give out that I am going travelling, people won't believe that it's on business, and I'll see what I can do amid the simple rustics. Nearly dying of *ennui* now, and—by Jove, come to think of it, it's a glorious scheme!" He wanted to get away from that pair of haunting black eyes, which threatened to break down his barrier of cynicism, and he would have welcomed a trip to the south pole, if some one else only first suggested it.

It was arranged. The fashionable world had become used to the freaks and fancies of Tom Wilton, and was never surprised at what he did, always receiving him with open arms on his return to its circle. So a week later found the young man of society ticking industriously away at a telegraph instrument at the salary of seven dollars a week. In order to allay any apprehensions, it might be said that Brightville was not an office where any train despatches were sent, so there was no danger of Wilton having a smash-up on his hands, and the work that he really did do took about two or three hours each day, and was done correctly.

Brightville, as Grant had said, was the name of the place; but it belied its name. A more stupid place could not well be found. If Wilton had been troubled with insomnia, Brightville would have cured him of it. It would be hard to state the ostensible purpose of its existence, and only those who knew or could afford nothing better lived there; the outer world was a *terra incognita*. Parties were a thing unheard of, although a farmer would sometimes awake from his lethargy and astonish the natives with a "huskin'," or "house-warmin'," which would be the general topic of conversation for days, after which the people would relapse into their accustomed dulness. There was, however, the "Star Social Club," carried on by the few young men of the village, and at the time of Wilton's arrival flaming red placards announced the *first annual ball*. The interest of that event was lost in the advent of the young telegraph operator, who formed the general topic of discussion, for the tongues of the villagers were decidedly active. Scandal spread faster than an epidemic, and if a young man was possessed of sufficient courage to accompany a girl to church more than once a year, the busy prattle of the gossips had them engaged, probably before they had even contemplated matrimony. The village store that contained the post-office, and where, as the sign announced, "hats, caps, dry-goods, notions, hardware, etc., etc.," were sold, was the general rendezvous and the fountain-head of gossip. Around the door sat the village worthies with their chairs tilted back, and while they smoked their corn-cob pipes and whittled sticks, discussed the young operator. After the first week had passed, his faults were found to be many and serious. In the first place, a most flagrant breach of etiquette had been committed. One night, about nine, the village postmaster related how he had been aroused by a loud knocking, and on going down, in dishabille, had found the young man come to pay a social call. "Ter think er callin' a' that time er night!" muttered one.

"An'," continued the functionary, "jes think er ther spensive s'gars he smokes. He come in here t'other day an' axed fer ther bes' I had, an' I showed him ther box with that thar cullud picter on't, called 'Village Beauties,' fi' cents each. 'Hain't yer got no others?' sez he, arter he'd sniffed one. 'No,' sez I; 'them is ther kind ez ennybody wot wants a good high-price smoke pays 'bout here.' He laughs, an' he sez, 'Waal, can't yer git me sum?' an' I axed him, 'How much dew yer wanter pay?—a bit?' He laughs agin, an' he sez, 'Waal, git me sum *Henry Clays*.' So when ther feller with er s'gar samples cums 'round I axed him as how much ther Henry Clays sol' fer, an' he sez, 'two bits'; an' so I wen' ter ther young feller, an' I tol' him thet ef he wanted a box he must gimme the munney, an', great Scott! ef he didn't fork over a twenty-dollar bill outer a lot er others ter pay fer one box er s'gars! an' ev'ry time wot he smokes he puffs away two bits' wuth!"

"An' he wears breeches wot only cum to ther knee, an' a darned big flappin' worsted hat on top er his head," broke in another voice, while a groan went around the assembly at the depravity of the young man.

The week, meantime, passed swiftly to Wilton, who travelled about the country, amused at the manners and customs of the people. He found true Arcadian simplicity, but not that kind for which he sought. Farming life did not seem to be wholly "unspotted from the world." People held their own opinions, and they were so different from those Wilton held that he could not term them natural ones, so firmly did the new Diogenes believe in himself; and he marvelled, almost unconsciously, that there was no pair of eyes in the whole country as brilliant as a pair of which he knew and thought. Truly it seemed at times that in seeking his affinity he had fled from his true ideal.

Sunday came, and he went to the little unassuming church where most of the villagers worshipped. Seated half-way up the aisle, in a stiff-backed, uncushioned pew, Wilton became interested in the arrivals of the farmers, who brought their whole families with them, until he was suddenly attracted by a girl who took a seat a little to the left of him. She wore a broad-brimmed straw hat with a white dress, simply and plainly made, which greatly enhanced her beauty. A smiling dimpled face and deep brown eyes looked from beneath her hat, and as Tom caught sight of them he looked again. Her eyes were of a wonderful color, full of life and expression, and her hair parted in two waves over her forehead, and, caught in a long plait behind, gave an air of most charming simplicity. Wilton gazed at her intently until she turned and her eyes met his. Tom's heart gave a great bound. Had he found what he had searched for? That blush which rose to her cheek was natural, and it but added to her grace. Was this the true woman? Several times during the sermon his eyes unconsciously wandered to where sat what he felt was his *ideal*. In his thought he contrasted her with Grace Armstrong, the owner of the eyes which haunted him, and a dreadful sense of their difference oppressed him. What the result of his comparison was he would not confess, and amid this inner conflict he paid but little attention to the exhortation of the good preacher. He tried to get a glimpse of her after service, but, as Wilton poetically put it, she had flown like a nymph anxious to regain her native grove.

That evening he went again to the church, and took the seat that he had occupied in the morning. He looked anxiously for the girl, but she was not in her pew. He began to fear that she was not coming, until the choir rose to sing, and there he saw his fair charmer. The choir consisted of several young girls, and their fresh, youthful voices sounded very sweetly to him as they sang

"Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide."

Under ordinary circumstances Wilton would have felt inclined to criticise the country choir, as the lack of training, and even of harmony, was at times painfully apparent. Upon this night, however, he was fascinated with the idea that he had found that for which he had sought so long—a perfectly natural woman—and his voice mingled with the others.

At the conclusion of the prayers he hastened to the door, in order to have a good view of the girl as she came out. As he reached the porch, John Marsh, a young man of his acquaintance, hurried up to him. "We're goin' ter hev a ball this week, sir—" he began, when Wilton interrupted him.

"Who was that girl in the choir—the third from this end?" he asked, hurriedly.

Marsh colored. "That wuz my gal," he answered, bashfully. "I brought her here. Her name's Annie Gray."

Wilton felt an intense desire to knock the man down for daring to claim that charming creature. This rough countryman *her* lover! The thought was maddening.

"Ez I wuz sayin', sir," broke in Marsh, "our s'ciety, the Star Social Club, 's goin' ter give a ball this week, an' I thought p'haps you'd come. Course yer can dance. If yer wants, I kin interduce yer ter my gal. An' yer jes oughter see her waltz!"

Wilton's indignation melted into laughter, and he was about to reply, when the girl appeared in the doorway. How different she seemed to him from the other people as she stood with the full warm glow of the church behind her, and how far above them!

Peering forth into the darkness, she cried, "Say, John, yer ready?" The young cynic started.

"See yer nex' Tuesday, sir. Good-night!" and John hastened to obey the summons. Wilton watched them curiously as they walked away. Somehow Grace Armstrong seemed again to intrude most unpleasantly upon his thoughts, and the remembrance of her low rich tones, as contrasted with the strident exclamation of his ideal, was exceedingly disagreeable to the young philosopher.

"Why do I keep thinking of her?" he muttered.

The next two days were filled with the prospect of meeting Annie Gray, and Tuesday night arrived. He pictured her to himself in the same gown, so simple and neat, that he had seen her in on Sunday, seated apart from the coarse-featured country girls of Brightville, conscious of her own superiority. What he desired to do with his ideal, now that he had found her, puzzled Tom. As he stood before the cracked glass of his room and adjusted his immaculate tie, the thought came to him, and he wondered why he went to all this trouble for a country ball. Because he wished to make a good impression upon his ideal? Possibly, but the recollection of those few words she had spoken jarred upon his mind. "Her speech can be corrected," he thought. Then came the troublesome suggestion, why should it be corrected? had he any interest in the girl? Still in doubt, he set out for the hall. A transparency over the door announced the social event, and several country wagons were being relieved of their fair burdens, who gave vent to boisterous exclamations of delight and wonder. Wilton entered the room that opened directly on the street, and looked for a place to put his coat, when John Marsh, who had evidently been awaiting his arrival, came up.

"Howdy," he remarked, extending a huge fist. His suit was certainly unique: light lavender trousers, a dress-coat of forty years ago, and a brown velvet vest, which was topped by a big white bow and a turn-over collar. He was, moreover, the best dressed of any in the room, and Tom could scarcely repress a smile as he grasped the welcoming hand. "Lemme take yer hat an' coat," offered Marsh, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment at Wilton's dress.

Tom slipped off his coat and handed it to him, and carelessly placed the crush-hat beneath his arm. Marsh gazed in wonder at the proceeding, but deeming it best not to display ignorance to too great an extent, went off with the coat. A temporary stand had been erected near one end of the hall, and two violins and a wheezy accordion struggled violently with a waltz. A few were dancing when Wilton entered, but now they had stopped, and stood bashfully around or conversed in loud whispers. Tom's eye wandered over the assembly for the vision in white, but he saw it not. Near him sat a girl with flaming red hair, in a very light blue dress, and Tom, after watching her coquettishly deal blows with her fan that would annihilate an ordinary society man, turned away in disgust, for he had an eye to the unities. As the heavy tramp of his friend announced his return, Tom glanced for a second at the heavy dusty shoes of the men with a smile.

"She's over there," remarked John, indicating the direction with a wave of his hand. "She" was evidently Miss Gray, and Wilton, unconscious of the attention that he attracted, followed his guide across the room, looking for the vision that he had pictured to himself. Marsh stopped, and —the girl before him was certainly the same one he had so admired at church, but what a transformation! Tom's heart sank within him as he saw his dream of the beautiful broken and rudely dispelled. It was like the awakening from some fair day-dream to a dread reality. The hair that before had been drawn off the forehead of this fair country maiden was now cut into a long bang that nearly hid the dark eyes. Her dress was of some dark green material, trimmed with a red braid that gave almost a hideous effect, and the pieces of jewelry that hung at her neck and ears were of the cheapest kind. Another face came to his mind, and a voice seemed to whisper, "Dross—dross—vanity all the world over." Suppose Grace Armstrong should see him talking to this creature! Wilton was almost stunned at the discovery. He was painfully aware of his hand being tightly grasped by a particularly strong country girl, and he muttered some incoherent words in response to the gruff "Howdy" that greeted him, and, to his credit, the new Diogenes blushed. This, then, was what his supposed ideal proved to be.

"Grant," cried Wilton, bursting into his friend's office the next day, "there's a position still vacant at Brightville."

Grant looked up smiling. "So?—but you were there a week longer than I thought you would be. How was it?"

"Don't ask," groaned Tom, wearily. "I am only too glad to get back to good cigars and civilization."

"Grace," whispered a thoroughly subdued young man that night, looking up into a face familiar in his thought, "you may have heard me called eccentric, but you can contradict that statement now—I have found my ideal."

F. S. M.

AT NESTING TIME.

GOD gave that all the birds of sweetest song
Should build their nests a little nearer earth
Than those in whose wee throats there is a dearth
Of music. Low they brood and sing among
The hedge-rows, a sweet leaven of song, to stir
Within the world-tired heart until it holds
No room for disappointment, but soft folds
About a perfect hymn of peace. Come, whir
Of slender wings, and build thy frail brown nest
Nearer, still nearer, for one heart hath need;
Perchance a close sung brooding-song shall lead
Through half-forgotten pathways into rest.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

THE MORAVIAN EASTER AT BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

ON the borders of a picturesque stream, in the midst of a captivating landscape made up of wooded hill and dale, stands the little town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the seat of the ecclesiastical government in this country of the Moravians, or United Brethren (*Unitas Fratrum*), whose history, as one of the oldest Christian organizations in existence, is full of dramatic incident. Founded in 1741, the place still retains many of the old landmarks and of the old Moravian customs, though of late years the levelling processes of our modern civilization have given birth to a mixed society more in harmony with the spirit of the age, so that the Moravian is no longer so distinctly marked as before, nor his town so striking or sedate of aspect. Bethlehem, however, is still sought by the superannuated Brethren as the resting-place and the solace of declining life. It is the Mecca to which all those who have been employed in the Moravian cause, either as pastors at home or as missionaries abroad, direct their steps. It is also a charming summer resort, to which large numbers of our citizens repair in search of health or tranquil leisure; while the musical virtuoso, especially if he be a German, is sure to find its society both congenial and appreciative. Many of the original buildings, put up in the middle of the last century, stand to-day almost unchanged to greet the antiquary. Among these are the old "Sun Inn," founded in 1758, on the sign of which is painted a picture of a Moravian missionary joining the hands of two hostile Indian chiefs, and with its sitting-room walls crowded with etchings and engravings made before the Revolution; the "Brotherhood Building," a sort of tenement for the poor people of the unity; and the mill—now the Bethlehem water-works—on a little creek emptying into the "Lekka," or Lehigh River, with its upper floors full of the old wooden cogged machinery.

A Swiss historian, A. BOST, of Geneva, says that "the Moravian Brethren are descended of a people who, like the Vaudois of Piedmont, never bowed beneath the yoke of Rome, but may be traced through the Greek Church directly to the primitive Church." Certain it is that at the beginning of LUTHER'S Reformation they numbered about 400 parishes and 200,000 members, scattered over Moravia, Bohemia, and Poland; and in spite of persecution increased in number, until they obtained legal recognition. Broken up as a visible organization in the subsequent troubles, their history thenceforward centres round such names as Herrnhut, ZINZENDORF, GNADENHÜTTEN, Bethelehem—names to conjure with among the Brethren. The characteristics of their cultus are catholicity, ritualism, missionary enterprise, musical excellence, and emotionalism in education; that is, their methods of instruction are based on the theory that the moral character of the young is more firmly moulded by heart culture than by that of the intellect. The distinguishing feature of Moravian theology is the prominence given to the person and atonement of Christ. Their system embraces three provinces—the German, the British, and the American, the latter containing 75 churches and about 15,000 members, under the direction of six bishops, who, however, are not diocesan, but are bishops of the whole *Unitas Fratrum*. They have also five flourishing church boarding-schools, at which more than 600 pupils are annually educated, the strange thing being that nearly all the scholars come from beyond the pale of the Church.

The Moravians have no confession of faith, as such; but the doctrines which they uphold are embodied in a catechism and special litany called the Easter Morning Litany. The ritual is decidedly liturgical in its character. A litany is recited every Sunday morning, and special services distinguish the festivals of the ecclesiastical year. The hymnology is rich, and church music of a high classical standard fully developed. Love-feasts, in imitation of the *agapæ* of apostolic times, are celebrated. But their crowning festival is the Easter celebration, over which a solemn and plaintive coloring is thrown, which binds it fast to the affections of the people. The readings of Passion-Week, accompanied as they are by appropriate and beautiful music, are attended by full congregations, who become absorbed in the affecting narrative as it proceeds onward through the vicissitudes of the Redeemer's life to the final sacrifice. On the evening of Good-Friday the exquisite performance by the choir of "Jesus bowed His head," etc., takes place—a composition requiring high musical proficiency to produce the due effect.

Very early in the morning, and long before dawn, it has been an old custom to go round the village and awaken the still sleeping inhabitants by an Easter morning chorale performed on the trombones. The trombone band is an institution as old as the "Sun Inn" itself. On Easter morning its members assemble in front of the old church, where, by the light of flaring torches, they discourse solemn music, summoning the people to the in-door service held before break of day. Seven generations of hall-porters have knocked at the guests' doors on Easter morning, before the earliest cock's crow, since the Sun Inn was built, and seven generations of guests have eaten by candle-light the appetizing Easter rolls for which Moravian cooks are celebrated.

After half an hour in the church, the people, preceded by the band, walk in solemn procession to the burying-ground. When the weather is favorable, this spectacle is replete with pathetic and lovely suggestion. The performers in it are not now merely reading of the great event, but are acting it over, under the inspiring influence of the open air sweeping down the long valley to the west at break of day. The old cemetery is now in the centre of the town, and within its precincts the dead are buried in rows, rich and poor, old and young, lying side by side without regard to station or family ties. A tiny slab with name and date rests on each grave: there is no other monument to distinguish the resting-place of one brother above another.

> "Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
> The place of fame and elegy supply."

The success of the Brethren in converting and Christianizing the Indians about them is recorded in the burying-ground, where for a hundred years many a poor red man has lain side by side with his white brethren, a stone tablet above him testifying, in mossy, almost defaced letters, that he "departed" a "baptized Indian."

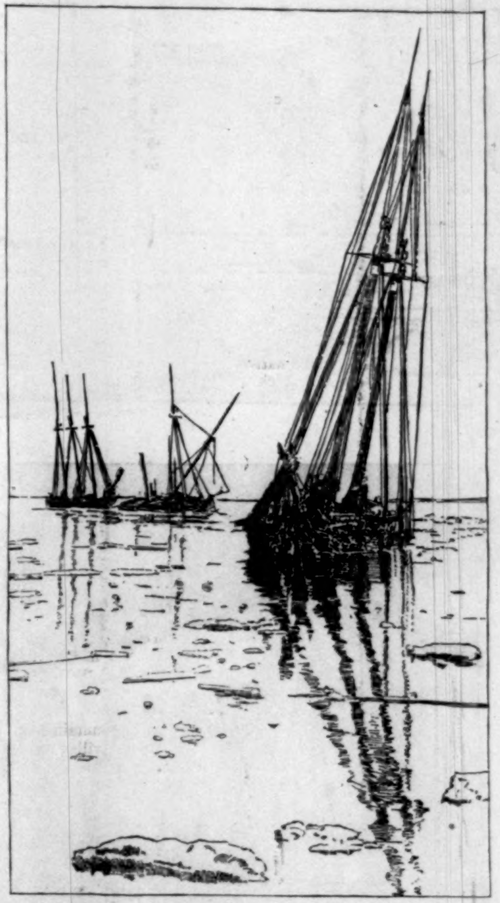
The procession is timed to meet the rising sun. The pastor, the choir, and the band walk down the broad central path to the middle of the burying-ground, while the people, separating to right and left, march around the outer paths, forming a hollow square—the living around the dead. When all are in their places, and in the midst of a solemn silence, the choir suddenly bursts forth into an awakening song, and just then—for everything has been arranged to a second—the sun rises behind a gray hill to the east. A short prayer ends the service, and a few minutes later the choir assembles in the church basement around an ancient oak table. One of the sisters brings in coffee and rolls, and each member of the choir and band receives a "sugar cake" to take home with him. This quaint recognition of the musicians' services has never been omitted since the settlement of Bethlehem.

The Bethlehemites of to-day, though contact with the modern world has induced them from time to time to reluctantly drop one or another of their old picturesque customs, are still, in the main, steadfastly following in the lines laid down by their ancestors. Their missionaries have followed the retreating red men to the west and north as far as Alaska; their women are still the prototypes of the Moravian Sister of Herrnhut, with whom GOETHE formed an early and platonic acquaintance, and whom he has so sympathetically portrayed in *Wilhelm Meister*, in the idealistic picture he has there presented under the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul."

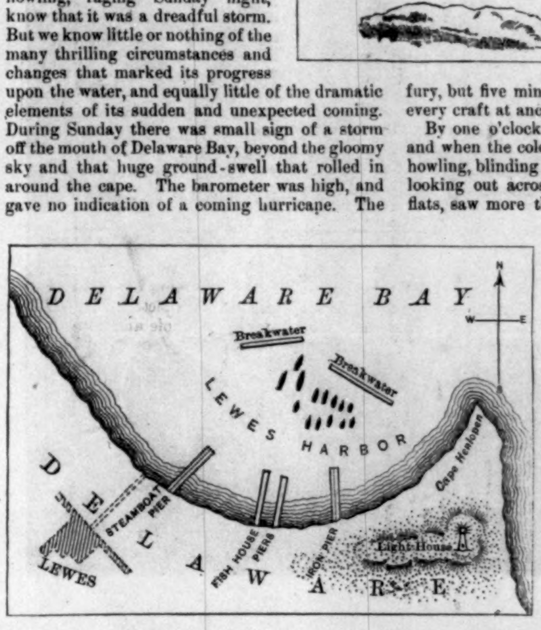
THE GREAT STORM IN LEWES HARBOR.

PERHAPS no memory can reach to such a storm upon our Atlantic seaboard as that which swept it upon Sunday and Monday, March 11th and 12th, blocking traffic, prostrating telegraph and telephone wires, and completely isolating by banks and walls of snow most of the cities and towns from Maine to Georgia. But though the great hurricane probably exceeded in extent and violence any of which the district visited has direct record, comparatively little damage was done the shipping off the coast. Fortunately the worst part of the storm blew from the northwest, so that vessels were driven off instead of upon the net-work of bars and shoals which line our sandy Atlantic shore. But that very circumstance, which thus proved the salvation of the many, proved in another case equally the destruction of a few who lay in a certain harbor considered to be one of the safest upon the coast.

The Atlantic beach of the lower part of the State of Delaware, which for a distance runs in a straight line in a nearly northerly and southerly direction, terminates abruptly at the mouth of the Delaware Bay in the sharp hooked point of Cape Henlopen. Within the low sand-spur of the cape and its adjacent dune of gray desolate sand, whereon stands perched the white tower of the light-house; lies the beautiful curve of Lewes Harbor—a smooth, even segment of white beach as unbroken as though circumscribed by the point of a gigantic compass. To the east and the north of this haven lie two massive stone piles, built by the government for the further sheltering of the shipping resting within the protecting arm of the cape—the great sea-wall or breakwater to the east and the ice-breaker to the north. Within these natural and artificial shelters, hitherto considered wellnigh storm-proof, fifty vessels (mostly large coasting schooners, but with a sprinkling of a few ocean sailers, barks, barkentines, and brigs) rode at anchor during the afternoon and evening of Sunday, March 11th. Whilst a stiff half-gale of wind blowing from the southeast brought with it a phenomenally heavy sea, that, rolling its leaden weight around the point of the Cape, dashed thundering and roaring against the massive granite face of the ponderous sea-wall. Fifty vessels rode at anchor: twenty-four hours saw all but fifteen of them either aground or sunk.



We upon land who lay safely tucked in our beds upon that howling, raging Sunday night, know that it was a dreadful storm. But we know little or nothing of the many thrilling circumstances and changes that marked its progress upon the water, and equally little of the dramatic elements of its sudden and unexpected coming. During Sunday there was small sign of a storm off the mouth of Delaware Bay, beyond the gloomy sky and that huge ground-swell that rolled in around the cape. The barometer was high, and gave no indication of a coming hurricane. The wind also was light; but toward the afternoon the weather looked ominous and ugly, and one by one the coasting vessels came sailing into the harbor and dropped anchor behind the breakwater. By-and-by the wind blew up stiffly from the southeast, and presently increased to a half-gale with a heavy downpour of rain. But still the weather was so far from dangerous that few, if any, of the crafts had out their storm or chain anchors; moreover, a glance at the barometer showed the mercury to be still exceptionally high, though fluctuating.



The captains of two of the vessels that lay in the harbor that night were old and intimate friends, and always made a point of being in some specified port at the same time. So little sign was there of the coming storm that the one captain was paying the other a visit almost up to the time of the coming of the hurricane. When the moment for parting came, the host arose and looked at the glass: "Come," said he, turning to the other, "the glass is high, the wind falling; you're all snug aboard. Why not send the boat back and stay here all night?"

The other shook his head. "No," said he, "I can't do it. The glass don't show it, but I smell a storm in the air. I think I'll drop the storm anchor."

That was about eleven o'clock. He never dropped the storm anchor.

Within half an hour or so of midnight the wind fell rapidly away almost to a calm. There was a pause, and then it shifted suddenly around nearly to the opposite point of the compass, and began blowing fresh and cold from the westnorthwest. Stronger and stronger it blew, and colder and colder, and presently the snow began to fall.

Then in a moment the hurricane was upon them.

"It sounded to me," said one, speaking to the writer, "like the noise of distant thunder coming nearer and nearer."

A tremendous blast leaped down upon the harbor with a roar, bearing with it flying hail and snow that cut like a lash, and sheets of spume and salt spray that froze into a glassy coating the instant the water touched decks, spars, or rigging.

In an hour the gale was at the height of its fury, but five minutes after it struck the harbor every craft at anchor was in peril and trouble.

By one o'clock the first vessel was aground, and when the cold gray morning broke amid the howling, blinding desolation, the people of Lewes, looking out across the low, marshy intervening flats, saw more than half of the vessels in the harbor wrecked, their hulls and masts and shrouds encased in white masses of ice.

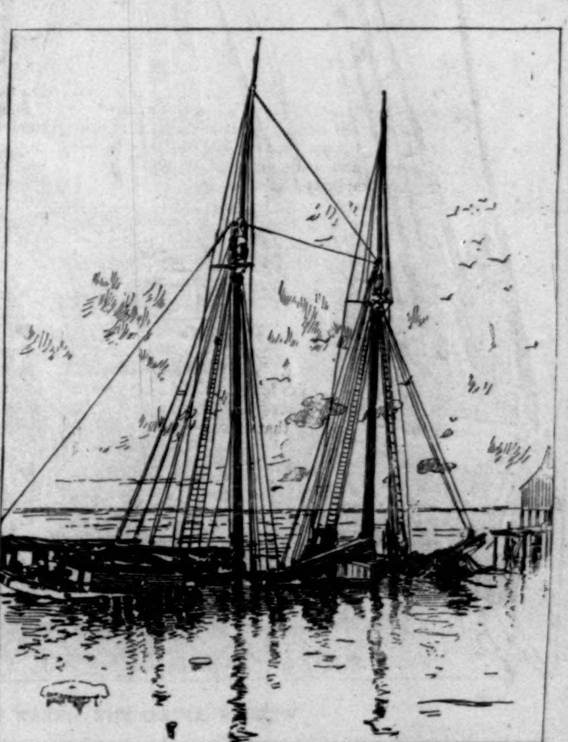
During the morning the other vessels, sullenly dragging their anchors, fouled one another, or one by one ran aground, until late in the afternoon, and all the while the people from Lewes, helpless and powerless, stood upon the beach and watched the grim destruction going on. Such a sight as those ice-bound vessels was never seen in Lewes Harbor before. All were utterly powerless; masts, rigging, and shrouds were encased in solid masses of ice, tons of which clung upon the hulls, holding rudder and tiller as in a grip of iron.

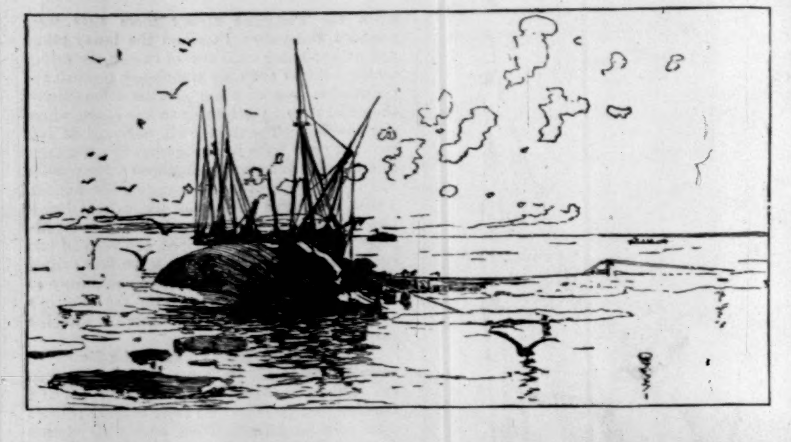
One vessel, a large three-masted schooner, drifted slowly down upon another and a smaller craft. They met. There was a crashing and rending of timbers. The bow of the lesser craft was crushed in like an egg-shell, and her crew came scrambling aboard of the other. As the wounded vessel filled she swung around, and the hurricane caught her. Then over she went upon her beam ends. When I saw her she lay far out from the shore, with just a little of her copper bottom showing like the red belly of some great leviathan. I pointed her out to an intelligent-looking stranger, who stood moodily on the beach. "Yes," said he; "I stove her and another one besides before I ran aground myself." Another vessel was blown against a stout wooden pier that ran far out into the water, and whilst her crew came scrambling out of her like rats, crushed through it as though it were made of paper, freed herself upon the further side, and sank. Another struck upon a shoal and capsized, though not a shred of canvas was standing to carry her over. Still another drifted stern foremost upon the stout iron girders and piles of the government "Iron Pier." The pier stood, but the stern of the vessel was ground and splintered and riven as though gnawed by the teeth of some great monster. Three propellers were lying at the northern side of a long wooden pier formerly belonging to the Old Dominion Steam-ship Company; when the hurricane struck them they were pounded and battered against the heavy piling and underpinning until two of them were driven by the force of the wind completely through the obstruction, one of them sinking immediately, the other drifting helplessly to the shore, where she now lies. The third craft managed at last to crawl away from her dangerous berth, though in a crippled and sinking condition. For a while she lay at some distance, dragging her anchor, whilst her pumps poured out water from below like life-blood. By-and-by one of her steam-pipes burst, the pumps stopped, and the end had come. Luckily she had in the mean time drifted down near to another craft, a line was thrown to her, and her crew, together with the captain's wife, who was aboard, were taken off into the safer vessel.

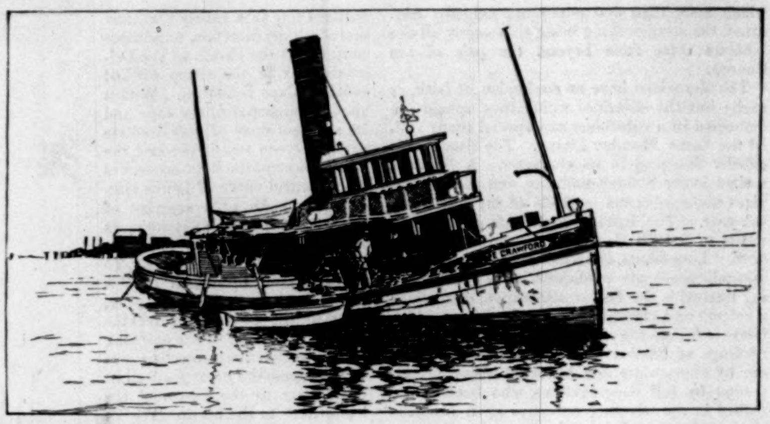
All that morning the crews of the foundered vessels were in the ice-coated rigging, lashed to the shrouds, to which they clung with stiff and freezing fingers. One man froze to death; others were in a terrible condition, with their clothes frozen stiff from head to foot, and their hands and feet frost-bitten. Nevertheless they continued to cling despairingly to the rigging, watching the fruitless endeavors of those on shore to reach and rescue them. All the efforts of the life-saving crews were unavailing. Time after time the boats were shoved off, but no human power could stir the light-draught life-boats in the face of that blinding blast.

One vessel, a schooner—the *Allie W. Belden*, laden with ice from Maine—was one of the first to go ashore. She soon sprung aleak, and the water freezing, her cargo was presently a solid cake, that, pounding right and left, soon began to knock her to pieces. When the morning broke, the two hundred people that stood there upon the shore saw her crew clinging desperately to her main-rigging, now thick with ice. Nothing could be done; the two hundred could only stand watching the poor fellows in their mortal peril. By-and-by it became evident to all that the vessel was going to pieces astern. The mainmast listed further and further, and every moment those who looked on expected to see it go by the board, taking all hands with it. The foremast stood more firm and stable, but it was impossible for the men to escape to it, for every sea washed completely over the sunken hull beneath them. The crew of the life-boat, seconded by the crew of a pilot-boat which had gone aground some little time before, were making repeated heroic but ineffectual efforts to help them, when some who stood looking on shouted out, "There she goes!" They saw the mainmast incline slowly outward and away from the shore. For a moment it stopped, and then swayed solemnly downward, carrying with it the poor wretches still clinging desperately to the rigging. From the mainmast to the foremast there runs a brace, usually of iron wire, called the spring-brace, which holds the two spars together. Usually this brace parts with the falling of a mast, but this time it held, and, as the mast fell, the brace swung it slowly around until it rested against the foremast. The next moment, amidst the shouts and cheering of those ashore, the half-frozen sailors were seen scrambling cat-like up the wooden incline, and once again were safe for the time. The next instant the brace snapped asunder, and the mainmast fell with a thunderous splash alongside. A little later one poor wretch dropped, exhausted, it is supposed, from the rigging. All, excepting him and another of the crew, who had been washed off by the heavy sea in the night, were saved during the afternoon, when the fury of the hurricane had somewhat abated.

Perhaps as thrilling an incident as any in the whole course of the storm was that which happened to the crews of three propellers, spoken of before, that lay lashed to the north side of the wooden pier. The mate of that one of the crafts that had for the time managed to escape from her perilous situation had leaped upon the pier to cut away her hawser. He sung out to the captain not to mind him, but to steam away and



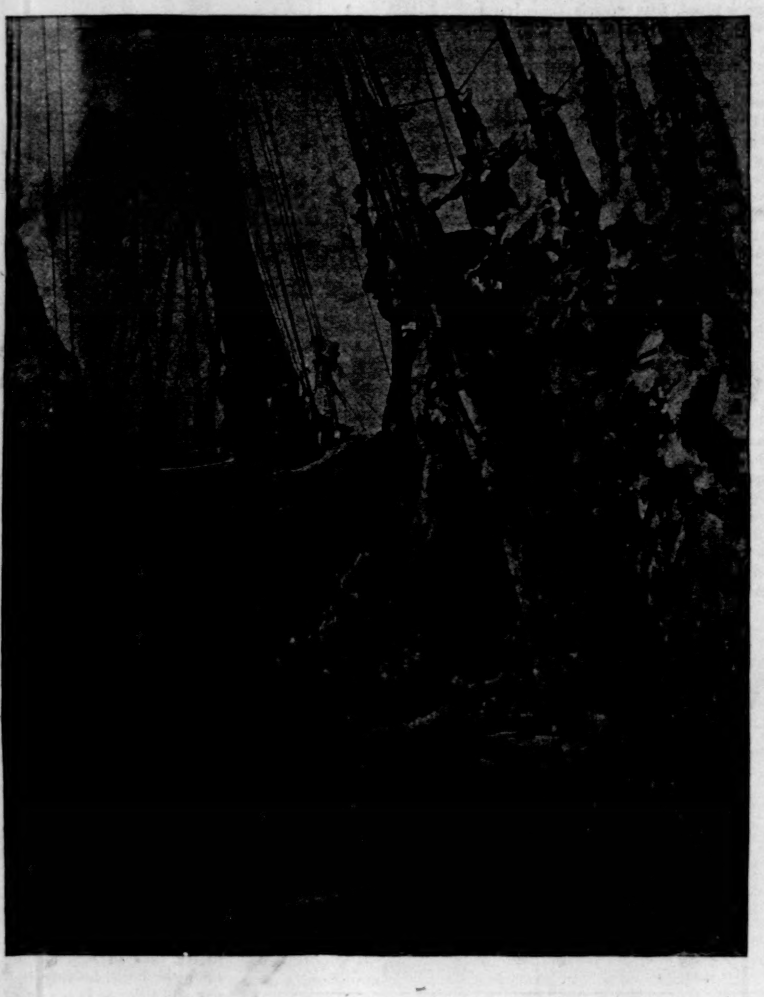




leave him. As the propeller snorted away into the darkness there came a tremendous sound of crashing and rending, a glaring of lights, a hissing of escaping steam, and shrieks and yells and cries of men in peril. It was the propeller nearest the shore breaking through the wharf. The next moment her crew came climbing through the darkness upon the wharf. Presently there was another sound of crashing and rending, and more shouts for help, and as the second propeller went crashing through the pier her crew also came scrambling like so many rats from their sinking craft.

Eleven men were gathered upon the broken pier, and by-and-by, when the morning broke, they found themselves upon a narrow platform, thirty or forty feet in width, and about a hundred feet long, exposed to all the fury of the blast, and separated from the main-land by a great and widening gap, which one of the vessels had rent through the pier. Upon this narrow platform was a little wooden shanty, formerly used by the stevedores of the steam-ship company as a shelter and a place to warm their dinners in upon a cold day. There, like the veritable shipwrecked mariners of fiction, the eleven huddled miserably together over a fire which they presently built upon some iron plates. Late in the afternoon a line was shot to them from the mortar of the life-saving station, and then all hands together contrived to haul off a life-boat, manned by one of the life-saving crew, from the beach, in the face of the hurricane, and so eventually reached the shore.

The two most tragic incidents in the whole storm were the wreck of a coal barge that lay at anchor between the breakwater and the ice-breaker, and of the bark *Brimiga*, which lay not far from her. The cables of both of them were parted during the hurricane, and the vessels driven out to sea. The helpless coal barge, its rudder frozen and its hull caked with ice, drifted log-like out upon those treacherous shoals known as "The Hen and Chickens," where the great white surf leaped and thundered. Those in the light-house, looking down at her from the lamp, saw her drift straight upon the shoals, saw her strike and careen, saw the surf dash over and over her, and saw her break, melt, and disappear, leaving not one single sign that such a vessel had ever lived. The other, the bark *Brimiga*, also parted her cable, and, with rudder and sheets and sails frozen solid, flew out like a phantom-ship toward the "Over Fall" shoals. Not a single soul saw what happened to her, but the first incoming vessel reported great quantities of wreckage floating out beyond the shoals—spars, timbers, cabins—the flotsam of a mute tragedy. Another incoming craft reported the spars of a bark showing above the water, and that was all that was known of the *Brimiga*, for no one doubts that the spars belong to her.



Such are a few of the incidents that happened in Lewes Harbor during that terrible forty-eight hours—a few fragments of the story of trial, privation, suffering, of heroic effort made and no less heroic endurance borne by that class of our human family than which there is no nobler genera—the sailor. Upon such occasions as this, when one sees these rugged human beings, tasting bitter of the honest salt-water, blown thus together by an ill wind, one can better judge what noble specimens the brine breeds. I doubt that a finer body of men could be found than those hardy weather-beaten coasting captains that gathered together in the quaint hotel at Lewestown, filling the air with thick clouds of tobacco smoke—a silent, gloomy, despondent company, but ready upon the instant with a blunt, honest, half-joking response to any address directed to them. I doubt if any finer specimens could be found than the broad-shouldered young vikings—Yankee, English, and Norse—that loitered helplessly about the streets, clad in indiscriminate togs and patches of apparel. I made some remark as to what fine stalwart fellows they were.

"Yes," was the answer; "we don't have many invalids at sea."

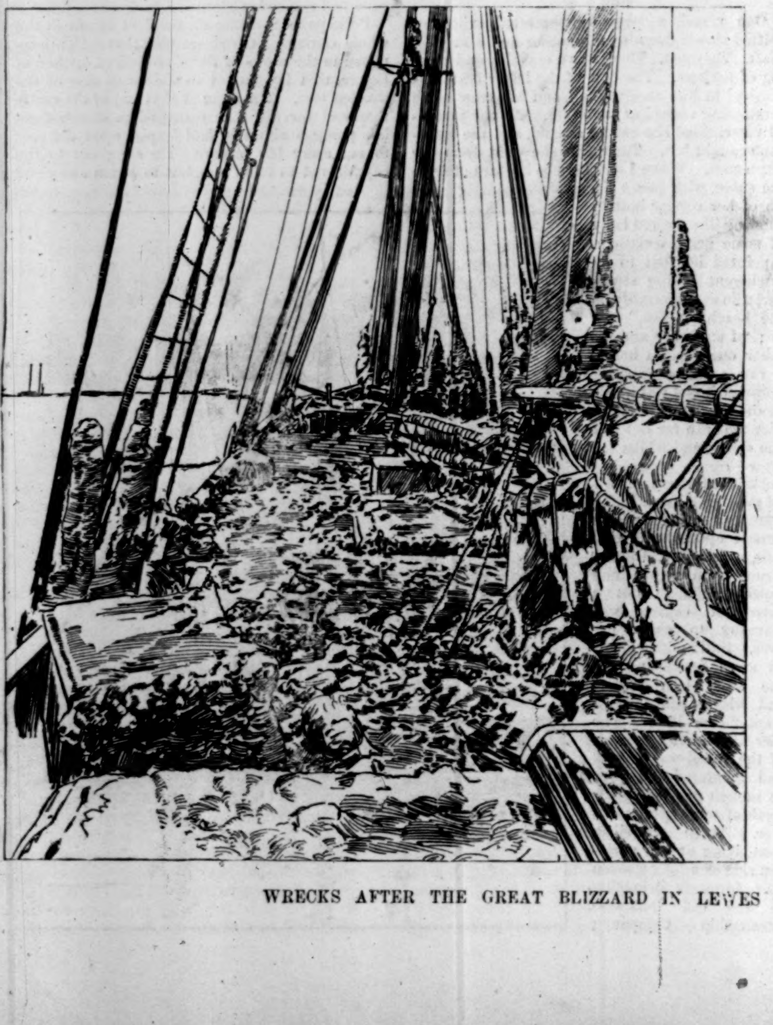
"It is not so much their big bodies," said I, "as their intelligent faces."

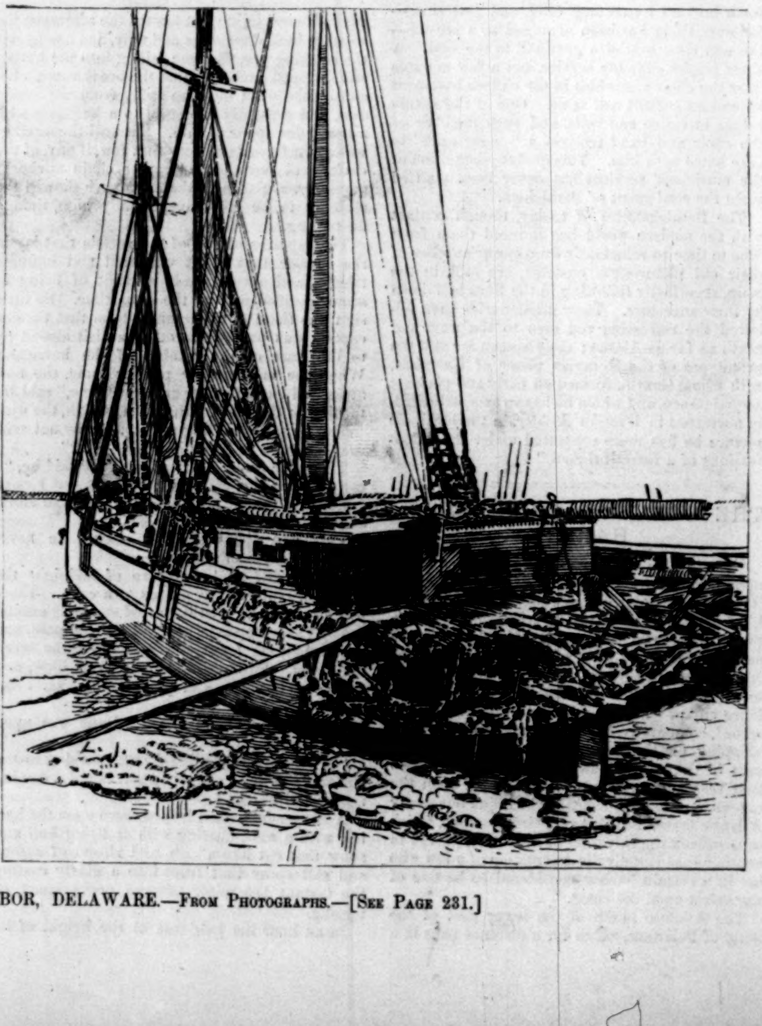
"Oh, as for that," said the other, "it would be strange if a man's wits weren't sharpened by such spells of weather now and then as we have just passed through."

There was something infinitely pathetic in the request of the captain of one of the poor ice-bound craft, which we boarded for the purpose of making a picture, that we should make ourselves at home. It was as hospitable an invitation as though a glass of grog and a warm fire were down below in the ice-coated cabin. Poor fellow! I pitied the grim, half-humorous view he took of his own misfortunes, it was so characteristically American.

But, after all, it is most often misfortunes that breed heroes, and it is then that we best appreciate them.

HOWARD PYLE.



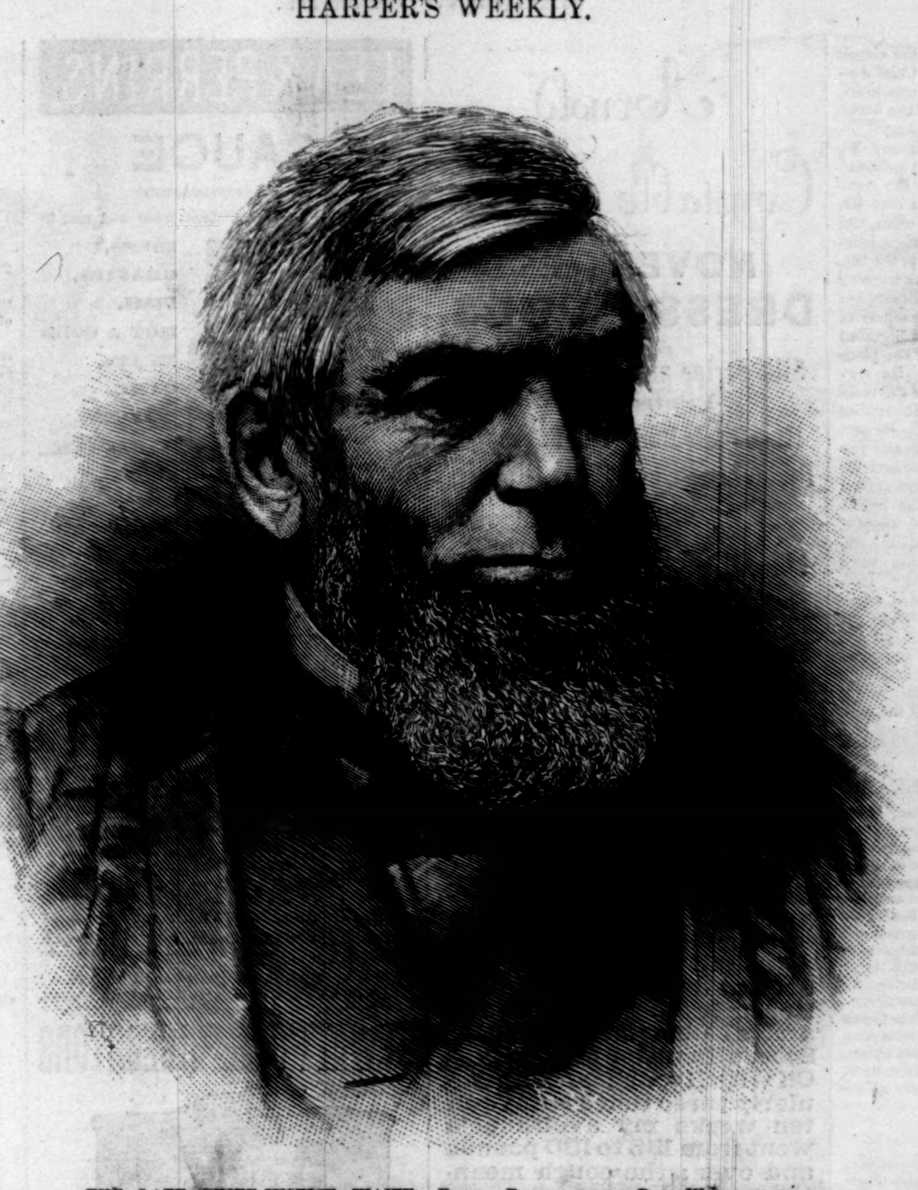


WRECKS AFTER THE GREAT BLIZZARD IN LEWES HARBOR, DELAWARE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 231.]

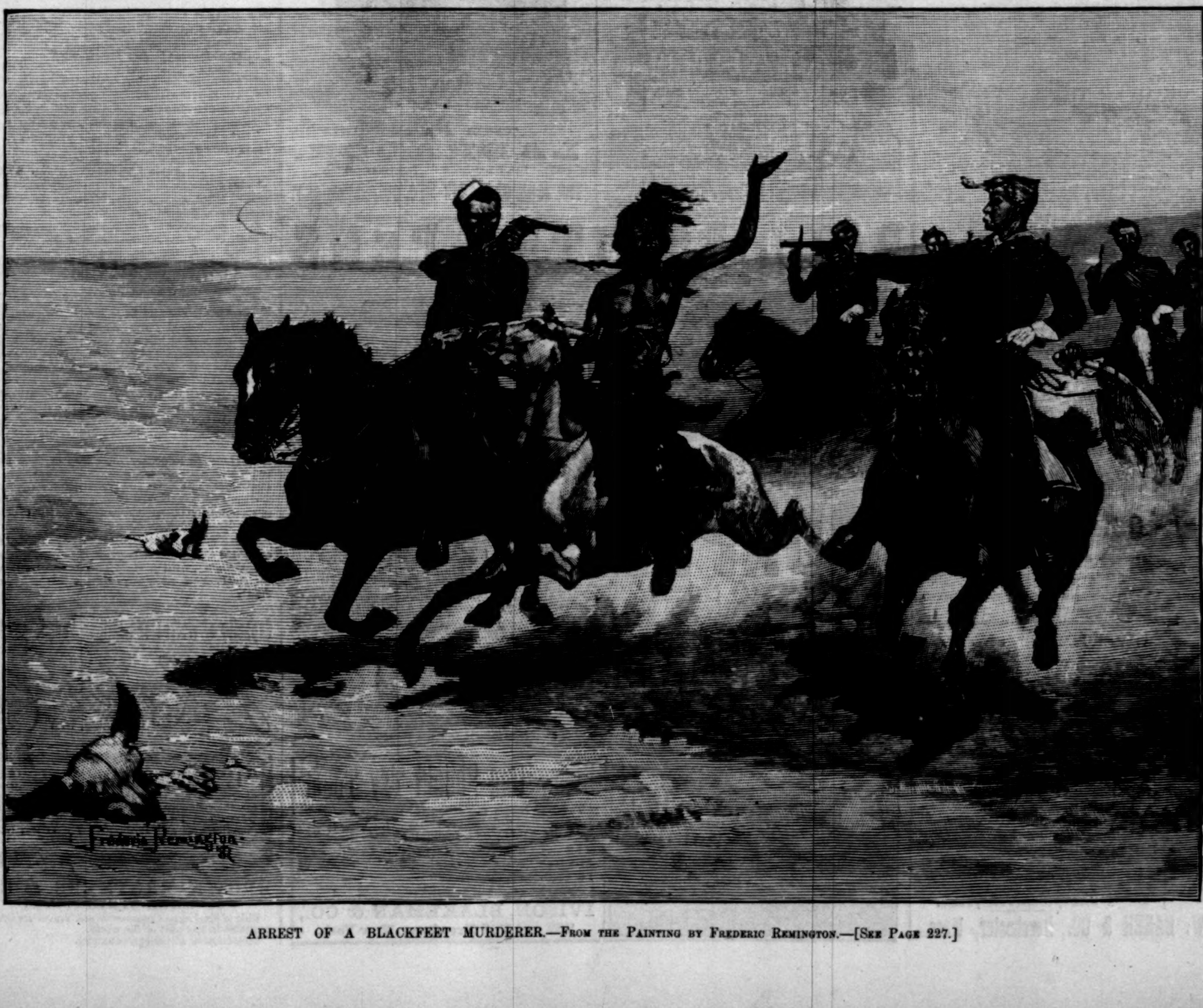
CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE.

When President Grant sent to the Senate the name of Morrison R. Waite for the vacant Chief-Justiceship, it was new to most of the country, and was very little known to the members of the legal profession. It is true that the late Chief-Justice had been one of the counsel for the government before the Geneva Tribunal, but his part had not been brilliant, and he was obscured to the general public by his more famous associates, Mr. Evarts and Mr. Caleb Cushing. Nevertheless his confirmation followed his nomination almost immediately. There was hardly any opposition, and not one opposing vote. Mr. Sumner, it is true, made a remarkably strong and bitter speech against confirmation, partly because he did not assume anything in favor of a lawyer selected by President Grant, and partly because he had received an unfavorable impression of the professional capacity of Mr. Waite from the latter's political opponents in Toledo. No Chief-Justice of the United States began his career with less reputation than Mr. Waite, and no one has finished his service enjoying more profound respect on account of certain sterling traits of character, which are of quite as much importance to the bench as learning and legal acumen.

Chief-Justice Waite was born into his profession. He was of sturdy Connecticut stock which had helped to settle the oldest part of the State. He was born at Lyme, November 29, 1816. His father, Henry M. Waite, was one of the distinguished lawyers of Connecticut when its bar was famous throughout New England. He was Chief-Justice of the State. Morrison R. Waite was graduated at Yale College in 1837, and among his classmates were William M. Evarts, Professor Benjamin Silliman, and Edwards Pierrepoint. His professional education was begun in the office of his father, and was continued in the office of Samuel M. Young, in Maumee City, Ohio. After his admission to the bar he formed a partnership with Mr. Young, and in 1850 the firm moved to Toledo. Three years later his youngest brother, Richard, was admitted to the bar, and a new firm was formed, consisting of the two brothers. The elder brother, very early in his career, was recognized as the leading lawyer of the northwestern part of Ohio, and Judge Thurman's testimony to his professional standing was the potent answer to Mr. Sumner's brilliant opposition to his confirmation as Chief-Justice. While he was at the bar his practice consumed his time and occupied his attention. He was a Whig and a Republican, but he was not a politician. Before he was appointed to the Supreme Court he had hardly any public career. He was for two years (1849 and 1850) a State Senator, and in 1862 he was one of two Republican candidates for Congress. The other was James M. Ashley, against whom there was a Republican revolt. Mr. Waite was not elected. His appearances in politics were due to the fact that he was the leading citizen of his party in the community in which he lived; and it was wholly on account of his standing at the bar that he was selected to represent the United States at Geneva. His services before the tribunal which settled the difficulties between Great Britain and the United States were very important. Mr. Evarts and Mr. Cushing made the arguments, but those who were in Geneva during the proceedings remember how Mr. Waite kept guard over the papers, and how much of the careful and prompt preparation of the case and the briefs was due to his skill and industry. It was the impression that he made upon Grant then, and later when he welcomed the President to Toledo, that determined his appointment to the Supreme Bench. Although the bar and the country did not know much of the man, Ohio had recognized him as, next to Judge Thurman, the leader of its bar. He was the President of the State's Constitutional Convention in 1874, having been elected a delegate by both political parties. When the law was passed increasing the number of United States Circuit Judges, Mr. Waite



THE LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



ARREST OF A BLACKFEET MURDERER.—From the Painting by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 227.]

was recommended for the position in the circuit in which he lived, and over which, as Chief-Justice, he finally presided. He was not appointed, because Ohio had then two justices on the bench of the Supreme Court.

President GRANT's nomination (January 20, 1874) to the Chief-Justiceship was not solicited. It was a disappointment to the bar of the country, but those who knew him believed that Mr. WAITE was not unworthy of the great office, and his administration of it has vindicated their judgment and the reputation which he won at the bar. There have been other judges of greater learning acquired by a wider professional experience, but no one has excelled him as a presiding officer of the court, nor has better preserved its dignified traditions, nor performed the duties of the place more devotedly and enthusiastically. He very soon acquired a thorough knowledge of the rules and practice of the court, and it was his peculiar function to interpret and execute them. He performed this function with great dignity and justice. He also took a leading part in the decision of the larger questions of law that were argued before the court while he was on the bench. Under the constitutional amendments, adopted after the war, the power of the Federal government has been greatly extended, and some of the decisions of the Chief-Justice have aided the purpose of the constitutional changes, but he held the balance between the Federal government and the States evenly, and protected the latter from illegal encroachments. In his professional and personal life there was a fine quality of high character, and it was largely that which made him one of the most respected of our Chief-Justices.

DEATH A WELCOME RELEASE.

MUST it not be to those who endure lifelong bodily suffering? From childhood to old age many persons are tormented with rheumatism and neuralgia. Ordinary medication and topical remedies are of slight, and always of temporary efficacy. To escape the extreme tortures of these agonizing complaints, they should be annihilated at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels from the system the acrid impurities that beget them. The evidence as to its efficacy as a blood depurent in this particular is very ample, and strongly concurrent and convincing. In violent forms of these diseases the nerves are terribly racked. A wineglassful or two of the Bitters before the hour of retiring usually brings a respite from pain, and enables the sufferer to secure much needed repose. For kidney troubles, malarial complaints, indigestion, liver complaint, and constipation, the Bitters is likewise beneficial.—[*Adv.*]

FOR YOUR OWN BENEFIT.

Whenever a druggist refuses to supply you with RIKER'S RELIABLE AND LEGALLY GUARANTEED PREPARATIONS, just set him down for a *ring* man and patronize him *no more*. You can always get our goods of any independent or reasonable druggist or Dry-Goods house, or at our retail store, 353 6th Ave. *Insist* and *persist* in having goods which always give perfect satisfaction at about one half the price generally demanded for inferior goods.

WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 6th Ave., New York.—[*Adv.*]

FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been used, with unfailing success, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Hoarseness, and other throat troubles. The late Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER said of them: "*I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of. I have also commended them to friends, and they have proved extremely serviceable. I do not hesitate to say that your Troches are pre-eminently the best.*"—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
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[*Adv.*]

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THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,

For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of ANGOSTURA BITTERS half an hour before dinner. Prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

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Pleasure Boats, Sailing Canoes, Paddling Canoes, Oars, Rowlocks, Sails, etc. 80-page catalogue. Over seventy-five illustrations. Send 5 *cts.*
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SAUCE
(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

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The finest Meat-Flavoring Stock.
USE IT FOR SOUPS,
Beef Tea, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

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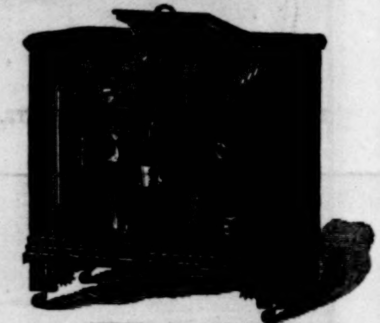

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To You and Your Wife:

Every case of "Sweet Home" contains 100 cakes of this excellent Soap, and in addition we give **gratis all of the presents named** below.

This offer holds good only for a limited time. Instead of expending large amounts in expenses of travelling men, etc., we are giving the entire profits of our manufactory in presents to the users of our Soaps. By this plan we expect to induce many thousand families to give these goods a trial, and as with our "Sweet Home" and Toilet Soaps, "a customer once is a customer always," we are confident a lasting trade can be built up.

	Actual Value.
100 Cakes (full size) "Sweet Home" Family Soap (finest, best seasoned and most economical Soap made)	**$6 00**
One Box 1-4 doz., Artistic Toilet Soap	**25**
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Six Packages Boraxine	**60**

BORAXINE saves half the labor of washing, is a thorough disinfectant, and is a blessing to every housekeeper who uses it. Boraxine is nothing but a fine quality of Soap and Borax pulverized together.

This Silverware is Extra Double Plate, Very Handsome and Serviceable.

Six fine silver-plated Tea Spoons	**75**
One " " " Child's Spoon	**20**
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" " " " Butter Knife	**30**
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" Extra fine long Button Hook	**25**
" Celluloid Ladies' Pen Holder (very best)	**20**
One Package (Remnant) Torchon Lace, about 3 yards	**40**
" Turkish Towel (genuine)	**30**
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Two Patent Collar Buttons	**10**
One Biscuit Cutter	**20**
" Cake Cutter	**20**
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" Handsome Scrap Book or Portfolio	**50**
" Package Assorted Scrap Pictures	**10**
" Tack Hammer	**10**
Two Engravings	**40**
A large package of pictures, suitable for art studies, scrap albums, framing, etc., etc.	**50**
Actual value	**$14 55**

* This collection includes pictures of celebrated actresses, noted men, scenery, animal heads, children, prize babies, types of beauty, etc., etc.

Each, all, and every article named herein is packed in every case of the "Sweet Home" Soap.

Our Price for the Box Complete is $6.00

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This Soap is not sold to dealers, but we supply the Select Family Trade only. All of the presents named herein are packed in every case. Sent **on 30 days' trial.** One case of "Sweet Home" lasts an average family one year. **Try it.** You run no risk.

NOTE.—The "Sweet Home" Soap is made for the consumer. We sell it **only** to the consumer, that is, those who buy it for their own Home use. It is the best Soap manufactured. It is thoroughly seasoned before being packed. We do not ask you to remit in advance, nor run any risks, nor take any chances. We merely ask permission to deliver you a case of these goods, and if after a 30 days' trial you are fully convinced that the Soap is all we claim, and the extras all we advertise, you can then pay the bill. But if you are not satisfied in every way no charge will be made for what you have used. How can we do more?

Write your Name and Address plainly on a Postal Card (mentioning this paper), mail same to us, and a case of these goods will be delivered at your house on 30 days' trial.

Capacity of Works: Ten Million Pounds per Year.

J. D. Larkin & Co.
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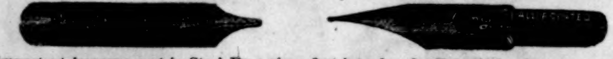
(H. HEWITT'S PATENT—America, 295,395; Britain, 429).



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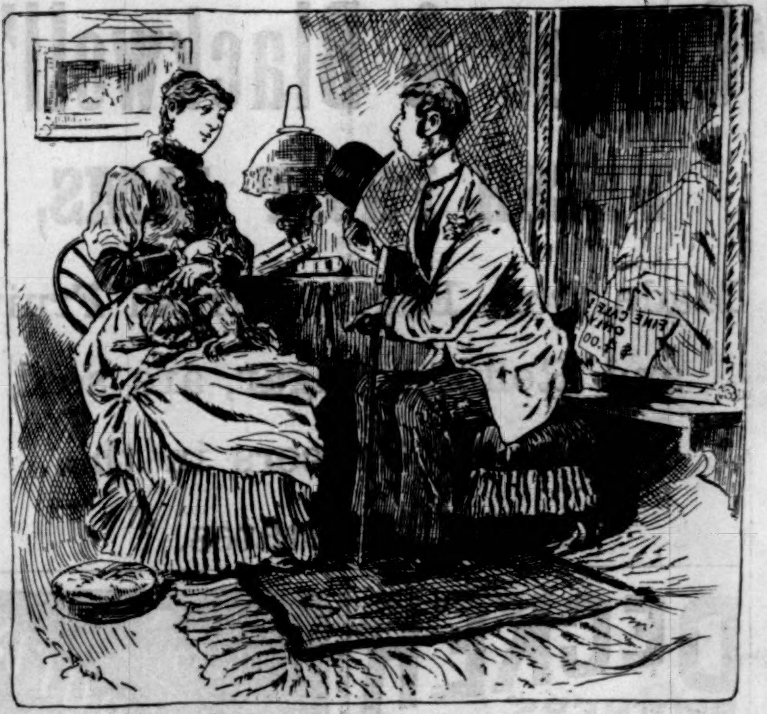
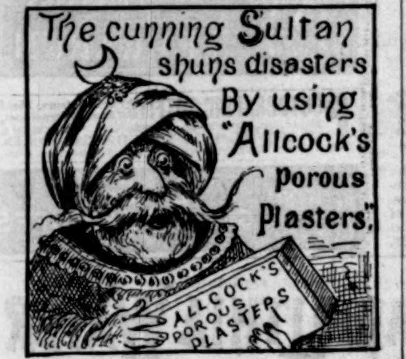
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.



APRIL - FOOL.

"Of course you are perfectly aware of my attachment, Miss Phœbe?"

"Perfectly; — but I have been wondering why you didn't feel it, when some horrid boy pinned it to your coat-tail."



When, either through imprudence or some unavoidable cause, you get overheated, cool off suddenly, catch Cold, Rheumatism, Nervous Disorders, and numerous other troubles, the best thing to do is to cure yourself as quickly as possible. Small pains are not to be neglected, except at the risk of serious consequences. Remove them at once. It can be done by an application of one or more of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, recognized the world over as the best external remedy ever made. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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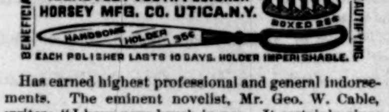
Experience shows the superiority over bristles of the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18 POLISHERS BOXED 25¢
HANDSOME HOLDER 35¢
BENEFICIAL
BEAUTIFYING
EACH POLISHER LASTS 10 DAYS. HOLDER IMPERISHABLE.

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No tongue nor pen can do justice to the esteem in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Having been a sufferer for two years and a half from a disease caused by a bruise on the leg, and having been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other methods and remedies failed, I deem it my duty to recommend them. I visited Hot Springs to no avail, and tried several doctors without success, and at last our principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay (to whom I shall ever feel grateful), spoke to me about CUTICURA, and I consented to give them a trial, with the result that I am perfectly cured. There is now no sore about me. I think I can show the largest surface where my sufferings sprang from of any one in the State.

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Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago, it would have saved me $200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took . . . and . . . Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors, and no cure. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of CUTICURA, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200.00, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriasis (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Any one who reads this may write to me and I will answer it.

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PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

BICYCLES $8 to $150. EASY PAYMENTS.

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Many years with **MAISON LAUR.** English well spoken.

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(Signed) A. R. SPOFFORD, *Librarian of Congress.*

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The Rev. Alfred S. Stowell writes:

DERBY DEPOT, N. H., Aug. 15, 1887.

MESSRS. J. A. MAGEE & Co.: Gentlemen—Last fall my wife was completely prostrated. She was suffering from extreme debility, accompanied by profuse night sweats. By advice of her physician she commenced taking your Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil. She took a bottle a week for more than six months. She soon commenced to gain slowly, and after a time her night sweats ceased; she gained considerably in flesh, and at present time is in about her usual health.

ALFRED S. STOWELL,
Pastor of Baptist Church, Derry, N. H.

MAGEE'S EMULSION.

Could Not Work for a Year.

J. A. MAGEE & Co., Sirs: I was troubled with a cough and hemorrhages, also night sweats and general debility so badly as to be obliged to leave my work for a whole year. I was finally induced to try Magee's Emulsion, which cured me. I used one dozen bottles and am now at work again as well as ever, and I do not know how to express myself in praise of your valuable remedy.

JOHN CONNORS,
6 Everett Corporation, Lawrence, Mass.

MAGEE'S EMULSION.

A Strong Endorsement.

MANCHESTER, N. H., April 30, 1884.

J. A. MAGEE & Co.: Your agent called on me and left some trial bottles of your Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil for us to try in our Women's Aid and Relief Hospital. We found it to be a very excellent medicine, all you represent it to be. We gave it to a consumptive with very good results, and I sincerely recommend it to all suffering with lung trouble or general debility. Very respectfully.

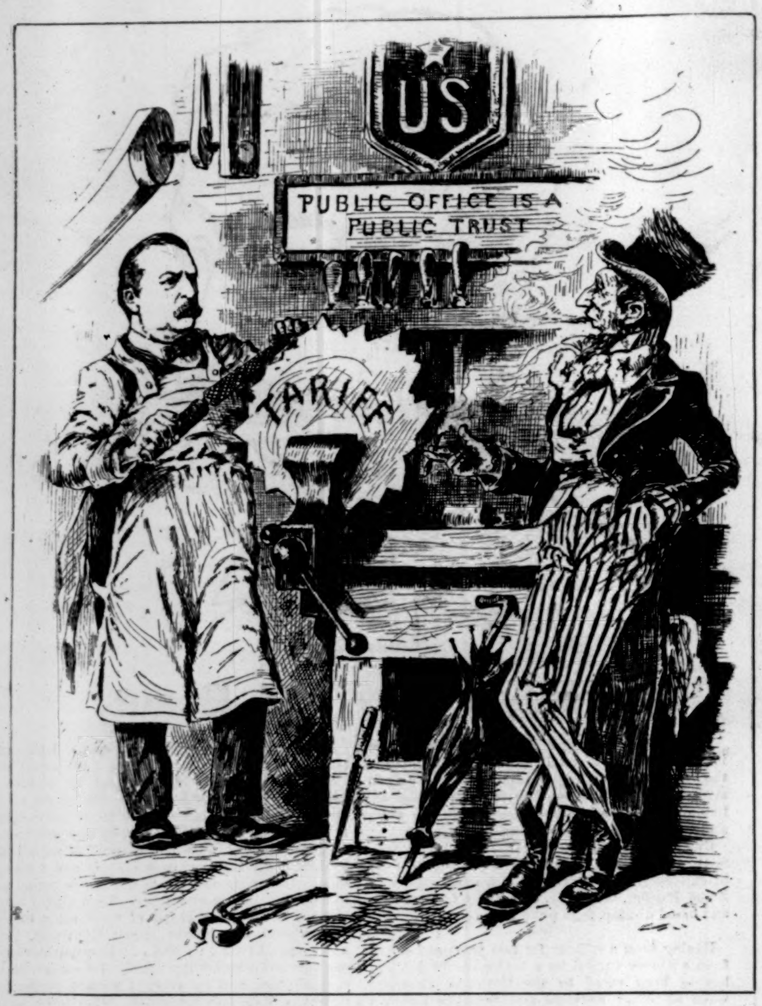
MRS. ARETAS BLOOD,
Treas. Women's Aid and Relief Society,
154 Lowell Street.

MAGEE'S EMULSION.

TOLEDO MEDICAL COLLEGE DISPENSARY,
April 10, 1885.

J. A. MAGEE & Co., Lawrence, Mass., Gentlemen: I made the acquaintance with your admirable Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil through your travelling agent recently. Since then I have been constantly using it where anything of the kind was indicated, and to say that I am pleased would not half express my satisfaction. It is with no doubt the best preparation of Cod-Liver Oil Emulsion manufactured.

Believe me, your obedient servant,
W. EDWIN GROUND, M.D., Ph.D.,
Prof. Ophthalmology and Otology
in Toledo Med. College.


US
PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PUBLIC TRUST
TARIFF

TO AMEND BUT NOT DESTROY.

UNCLE SAM. "How much o' that dew ye calkelate ter take off?"
G. C. "The rough edges, merely."

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE
TRADE MARK
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
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BICYCLES·
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MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

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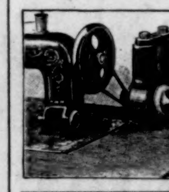
SMILES ARE BECOMING
ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT,

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.



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Electric Motor Co.,
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CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.

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STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
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FRESH FRUIT JAMS,
Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

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PIANOS
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LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER
NATURE'S MATERIA MEDICA
TRADE MARK PAT

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER
SPRING No. 2,
EMPHATICALLY A STOMACH WATER.

DR. WM. A. HAMMOND, of New York, *Surgeon-General of U. S. Army (Retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc.*

"I often prescribe Buffalo Lithia Water in those cases of *Cerebral Hyperæmia resulting from over-mental work*—in which the condition called *Nervous Dyspepsia exists—and generally with marked benefit.*"

DR. WM. B. TOWLES, *Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia.*

"In *Dyspepsia, especially* that form of it in which there is *excess of acid* in the process of *nutrition*, I have found Buffalo Lithia Water highly beneficial."

DR. HENRY C. HOUGHTON, *Aural Surgeon in the New York Ophthalmic Hospital for Eye and Ear, cor. Third Ave. and 23d St.*

"From a personal test of the Buffalo Lithia Springs Water, No. 2, I am prepared to commend it as a most valuable remedial agent in *Dyspepsia*, especially that form of it which causes functional disturbances of the heart, the symptom being as serious an element of the suffering as the burning, the *Acid Eructation*, etc., the strictly *Gastric* symptoms—*Cardiac* and *Gastric* troubles."

DR. HARVEY L. BYRD, of Baltimore, *President and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children in the Baltimore Medical College, formerly Professor of Practical Medicine, etc.*

"Buffalo Lithia Water is an admirable general *Tonic* and *Restorative, increasing the Appetite, promoting Digestion*, and *Invigorating the General Health.* It is *powerfully Anti-acid*, and especially efficacious in what is commonly known as *Acid Dyspepsia.*"

DR. J. S. WELLFORD, *Professor of Diseases of Women and Children, Medical College of Virginia.*

"In *Gouty Dyspepsia* I know of no mineral water which I consider at all equal to Buffalo Lithia Water."

The Late DR. THOMAS P. ATKINSON, of Virginia, *Ex-President Medical Society of Virginia.*

"Buffalo Lithia Water is a *Stomachic Tonic;* it possesses in a remarkable degree the *power of allaying Nausea; is an efficient preventive of fermentative changes in the food in the process of digestion*, and in many *Disorders of the Stomach, especially where fermentation* is a prominent symptom, *its action is astonishingly happy.* I have known persons who had been confined for years to a diet of *bread and milk, crackers and tea*, etc., after a few months' use of this Water, able to eat, with impunity, *bacon, cabbage, turnips, and other similar articles.*"

REV. ABRAHAM JAEGAR, D.D., *Professor in Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.*

"After having suffered for years from a most distressing form of DYSPEPSIA, I became subject to severe attacks of RHEUMATISM. My STOMACH was in *a highly irritable condition, rejecting everything, medicines, food, and drink—common drinking water could not be retained in the smallest quantity.* In this condition I was put upon the Buffalo Lithia Water, No. 2, which acted like magic, *promptly allaying the distressing Nausea, and restoring perfect digestion.* My RHEUMATISM was indirectly much benefited. I found the water an admirable TONIC and INVIGORATOR."

DR. DAVID G. SMITH, Oakley, Mecklenburg County, Virginia.

"My daughter suffered from *Acid Dyspepsia* complicated with *Chronic Diarrhœa.* The most approved treatment of the profession was unavailing, and her general health was entirely prostrated. I carried her to the Buffalo Lithia Springs upon a bed, confined strictly to a diet of *crackers and tea*, alternated with *bread and milk.* She used the Water for thirty days, at the expiration of which time she could eat without the slightest inconvenience any article of food, and left the Springs with her general health restored."

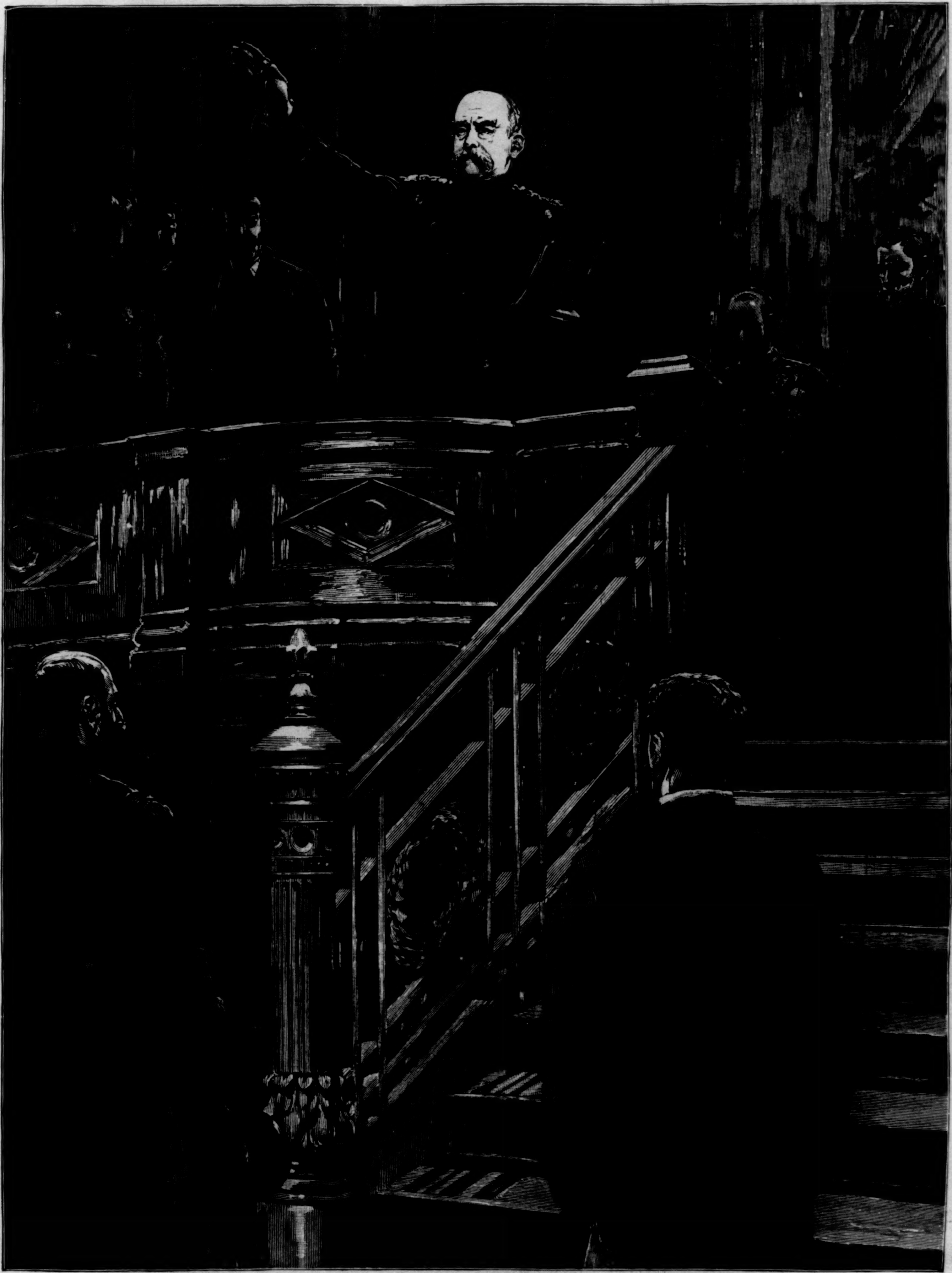
Water in Cases of One Dozen Half-Gallon Bottles, $5 per Case at the Springs.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia.

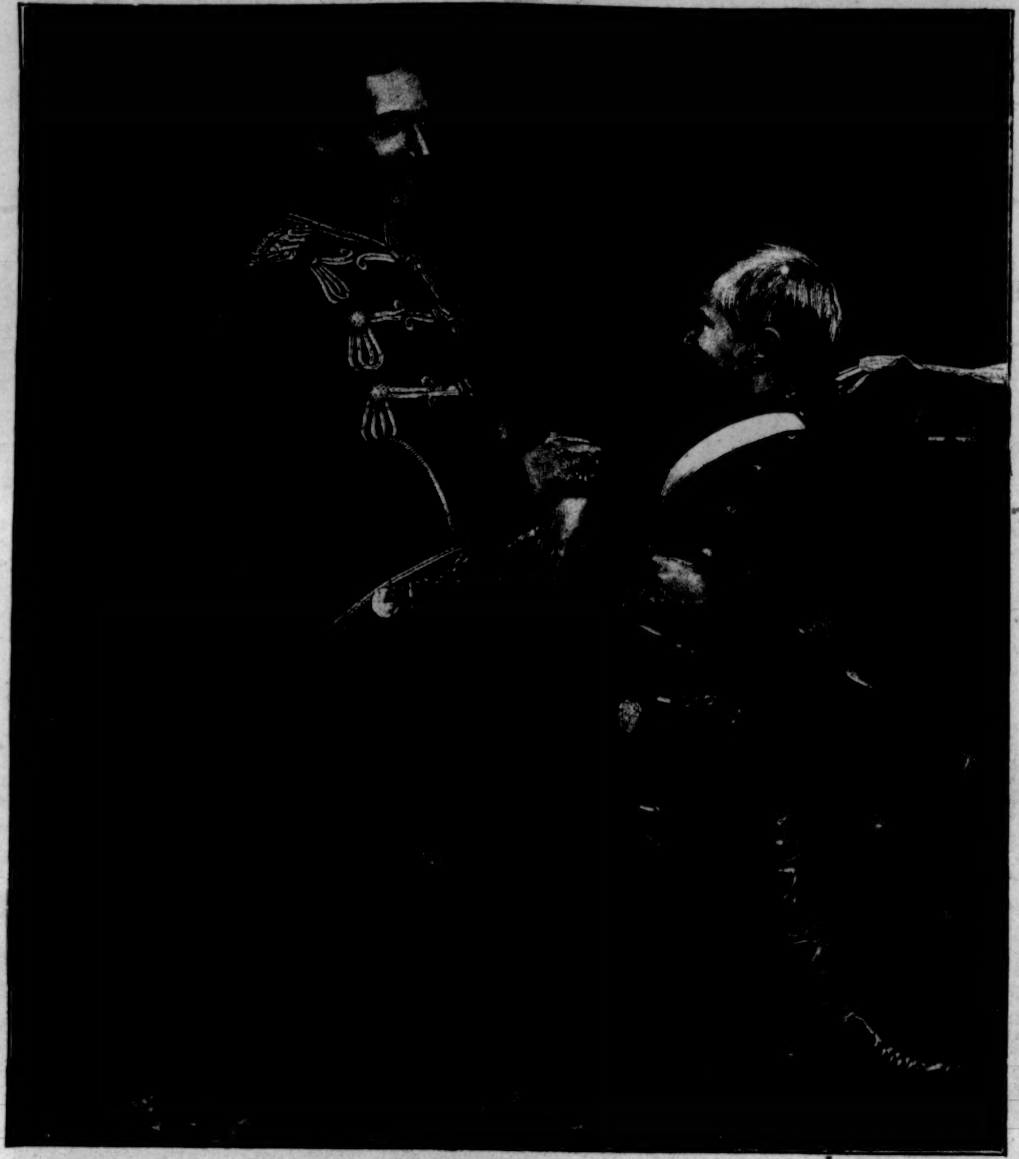
SCENES AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE DEATH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

PORTRAITS OF THE IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, MARCH 31, 1888.

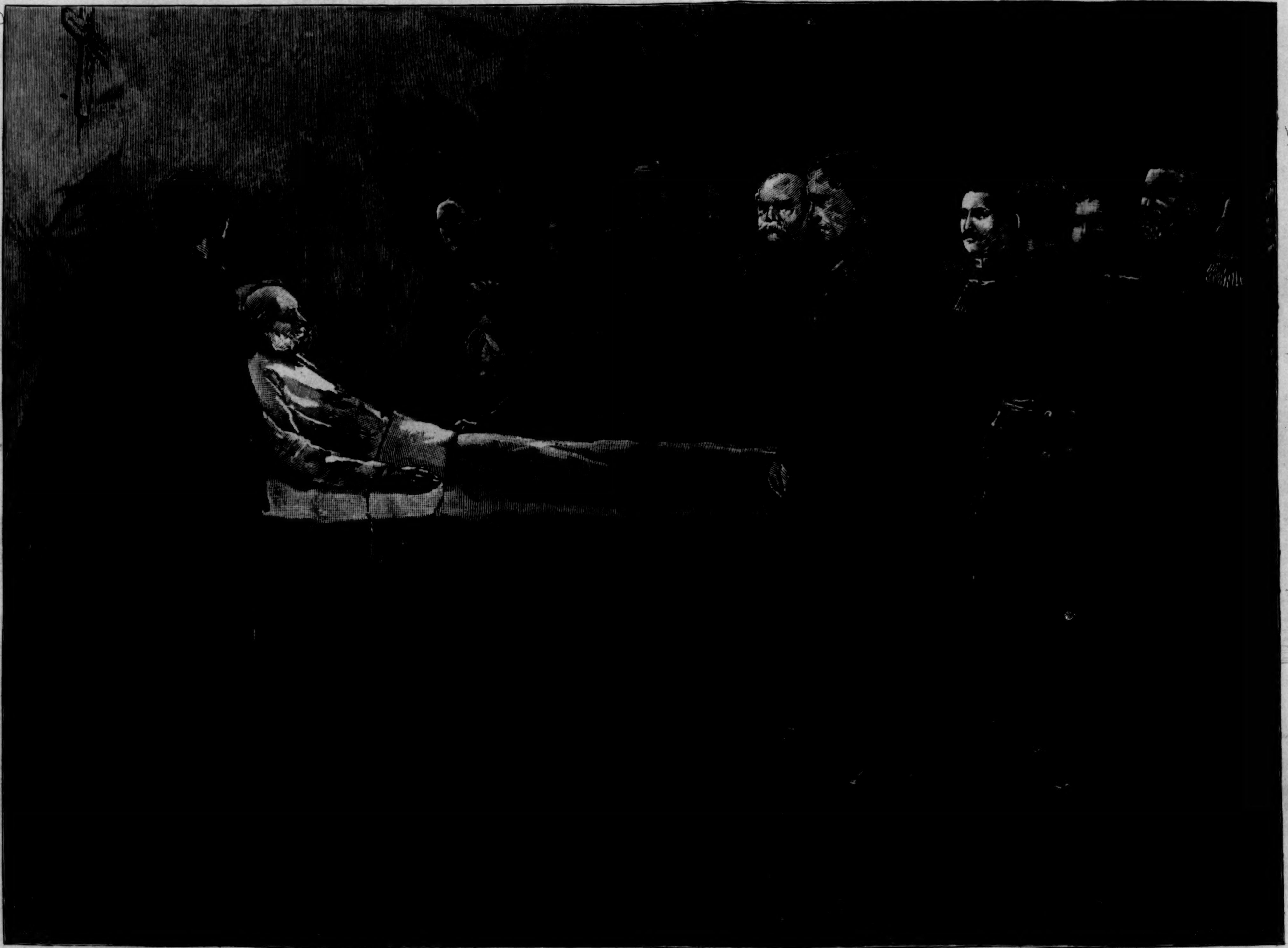


PRINCE BISMARCK ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF "HIS MASTER" IN THE REICHSTAG, BERLIN.



THE IMPERIAL CROWN-PRINCE WILLIAM OF GERMANY AND HIS SON.

AUGUSTA VICTORIA, CROWN-PRINCESS OF GERMANY, AND HER YOUNGEST SON, PRINCE AUGUSTUS WILLIAM


Court-Chaplain Kögel.
Grand Duchess of Baden.
Empress Augusta.
Prince Regent of Brunswick.
Princess Regent of Brunswick.
Dr. Lauer.
Prince Bismarck.
Count Von Moltke.
Prince William.
Princess Frederick Charles.
Grand Duke of Baden.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT BERLIN.